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DR. DUMBA'S cheerful assumption that his explanation of the Archibald papers will be accepted as satisfactory seems to reveal an utter incapacity to understand the American concept of the international proprieties. We may waive the question whether the accredited representative of a friendly power is justified in such an enterprise as the tying up of industrial establishments engaged in legitimate business—an enterprise that would be unlawful if undertaken by one of our own citizens. It is in his assumption of special control over the subjects of the Dual Monarchy now resident in this country that he most seriously offends. According to our theory of sovereignty, aliens in our midst are subect to our laws, and to no other laws than our own. They are entitled to their treaty rights, and in respect to them it is the sole duty of the diplomatic representative of their country to see that those rights are not infringed. Dr. Dumba assumes, on the contrary, that Austro-Hungarian subjects here are in some sense under his direct jurisdiction. Accordingly he holds such subjects engaged in the manufacture of munitions " as being guilty of a serious crime against their country, something that would be punishable by penal servitude should they return to their own country," and he has " subsidized many newspapers " to " bring the felonious occupation to their attention." If in time of war a foreign government can stamp as felonious the acts of its subjects done under our jurisdiction and perfectly lawful here, it can do the same thing in time of peace. But this is to apply to us, in modified form, the principle of extra-territoriality, which Turkey has repudiated and even China resents.

PEOPLE who insist that the United States ought to leave Mexico alone are being answered by the increasing disorders on the frontier between the two countries. Chaos in Mexico has come to mean something like chaos in that part of the United States nearest to Mexico. No doubt Americans are contributing to the disorders on the border quite as much as are the Mexicans. The statement in Captain McCoy's report in reference to the photographs taken of the Rangers who had their lassos tightened around the bodies of dead Mexicans, bristles with ugly intimations of the behavior of our fellow countrymen. There are assuredly American ruffians on the border, just as there are Mexican " bandits," but their exploits are carefully suppressed in the " news." The American ruffian is, however, no excuse for the Mexican bandit. Chaos in Mexico is objectionable not only because it prevents peaceful and inoffensive Americans near the border from pursuing their ordinary lives, but because it offers American ruffianism a kindly soil in which to flourish. President Wilson must soon deal with the situation in some more decisive manner. Thus far the administration has apparently gained nothing by calling in the other American states to its assistance. They have found no way either of placating Carranza or of getting rid of him. That stubborn patriot exercises so much authority over so large a part of Mexico that ultimate intervention seems the only alternative to a refusal of recognition. Discrimination against Carranza, based on personal distrust and dislike as in the case of Huerta,

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but backed up only by diplomatic pressure and perhaps an embargo, will mean the indefinite perpetuation of chaos.

THE real question raised by the destruction of the Hesperian is one of intention—not the intention of the submarine commander who sank the vessel, but of the German government. It seems incredible that Germany should deliberately break its explicit promise not to torpedo liners without warning. So flagrant a breach of a pledge so recent would be almost without precedent. But the situation in Germany is itself unprecedented. A large section of the people, intoxicated with victories in Russia, and believing that only the submarine can humble Great Britain, opposes all concessions. The Admiralty and Foreign Office seem still to work at cross-purposes, and while Bethmann-Hollweg explains, Tirpitz keeps right on. Everything depends upon whether this divided responsibility will cease. If the recent torpedoing without warning of the Hesperian and other merchant vessels is due to the fact that the submarine left port before the new orders were promulgated, if these attacks are merely the last fruits of a policy now to be abandoned, we should content ourselves with disavowal, reparation and the punishment of the guilty. If, on the other hand, Germany has no intention of keeping her promise, the situation becomes graver than it was after the sinking of the Arabic. In any case the incident reveals the overwhelming necessity of relieving the situation of its present ambiguities.

THE fact that the Hesperian carried a gun does not from the American point of view justify the attack, especially if the submarine commander did not know of its presence. The mere mounting of a gun does not constitute such a forcible resistance as would deprive a vessel of its immunity as a peaceful merchant ship. International law does not forbid the carrying of such guns for defense. Last fall, at a time when German cruisers were still preying on the commerce of the Allies, the American government granted permission to merchantmen leaving American ports to mount guns of a certain caliber for defense purposes—permission which without unfairness might be withdrawn. Such a gun, though ineffective against the ordinary battleship or cruiser, could easily sink a submarine, and if the submarine is compelled to give warning, it should be protected against the chance of being suddenly shot to pieces by a concealed gun on the deck of the merchantman. The more clearly the distinction is drawn between peaceful vessels and men of war, the greater is the chance that neutral rights on the high seas will receive some measure of recognition.

IF there is any good reason why we should proceed slowly with the development of our federal income tax, it lies in the relation of federal and state taxation. With the whole field of customs and excise taxation open to it, the federal government is in a distinctly better position to raise revenue than the state governments. While it would be absurd to assign the taxation of incomes exclusively to the states, there is ground for the opinion that supplementary income taxes might be employed by the states to good effect. Wisconsin has proved that state income taxes, if moderate, can be administered as effectively as most other state taxes. When the federal machinery for collecting income taxes has been perfected, the states may, if they choose, borrow it for their own purposes. The German cities supplement their local revenue through the simple device of adding a specified percentage to the national rates on incomes assessed within their jurisdiction. Supplementary rates equivalent to those of the existing federal tax would have given New York, for the current fiscal year, $17,000,000—a sum quite sufficient to place the state finances on a sound basis, without further direct taxation. It is worth noting that American authorities in public finance are gradually coming around to the view that state income taxes are desirable. Ten years ago this view was held only by the radical minority. The great weight of our foremost authority on public finance, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, was against it. At the recent meeting of the conference on state and local taxation, however, Professor Seligman made public his adhesion to the state income tax propaganda. There could be no better proof of the cogency of the argument for such taxation. But if the states are to tax incomes, the federal rates of taxation ought not to be permitted to become very heavy. Let the combined rates be so great as to be generally regarded as confiscatory, and, in the popular consciousness, tax dodging will be transmuted from a private vice into a public duty.

THE New York Constitutional Convention has practically finished its labors, and its leaders are to be congratulated upon having achieved an unexpectedly good job. Its work is full of deficiencies and flaws, as Messrs. Root, Stimson, Wickersham, and Parsons very well know; but the draft is an honest and a painstaking attempt to frame a constitution which will give some integrity and momentum to the political life of the state of New York. It provides for a shortened ballot, for executive leadership particularly in financial matters, for administrative reorganization, for additional power of social legislation, for mitigated home rule, and for an improved judicial procedure. In every case the reforms are only partial. The leaders com-

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promised all of their convictions for the purpose of disarming opposition; and these compromises will make many people lukewarm about their work who might otherwise have been enthusiastically in its favor. The question as to the wisdom of the compromises will be decided on November 2nd. If the amendments are accepted the new constitution will be worth the compromises. It is the partial embodiment of political principles which are bound to be justified by their results in practice. Once they are given a fair opportunity to work, they can be depended upon gradually to do away with the obstacles to their own completer fruition. If Mr. Root and his associates are successful in actually lifting these principles into the saddle, they will have their place in American history as the builders of a new state—the first since our local political institutions began to disintegrate one hundred years ago.

THE jewellers in session have hatched out a conspiracy against the goose that lays their golden eggs. The Parisian dressmakers and the London tailors succeed in drawing to themselves an exaggerated share of the world's wealth by the device of distinctive styles, changing radically from season to season. The Grand Rapids furniture men have achieved a like beneficent result, through inducing an ever recurrent novelty of bad taste and throwing into the second-hand shops successive strata of golden oak, fumed oak, baronial oak, bird's-eye maple, Circassian walnut—Louis Quatorze, colonial, baroque, Patchogue. Why, then, should not the jewellers educate the public to variety and style in jewelry, and thus compel every woman to resort to the jewelry shop periodically, as to the dressmaker and milliner? The answer is clear. Because the wearing of jewelry is essentially and gloriously barbaric, and the motifs of barbarism are simple, intense, unchanging. The oriental princess wore glittering jewels, as she wore bright colors and used overpowering perfumes, with the intent of challenging an attention that might disengage itself readily from the accessory and fix itself upon her. It was requisite that the jewels should be of familiar character and that their distinction should be crudely striking. Strip a tawny, slant-eyed little figure of her jewels, and she will excite but a moderate interest. But deck her with a chain of great diamonds, such as incite to long-planned and brutal murder, and any man will die for her favor. To introduce into jewelry fashion and adaptation to "personality" is to defeat its biologic purpose. Only a faint, decadent interest loses itself in speculation as to whether a particular jewel is appropriate to four o'clock in the afternoon or to eight o'clock at night; as to whether a tiara is of the 1915 model or of an earlier and intolerable style. Who would slay and rob to possess himself of a jewel suitable only to a tall, brown-eyed, blonde-haired person of thirty-five, and only for the summer season of 1915? The jewellers would wisely let the education of the public alone, or confine themselves to their ancient saws: A jewel never wears out, and its value is solid, unchanging; it is the best kind of investment: you enjoy it while you are prosperous, and in adversity you can sell it and get back almost what you paid for it.

MR. BRYAN, speaking of his fellow-countrymen at a Chicago meeting of the Friends of Peace: "You can't make the people prepare for war until you can convince them this country is about to be invaded." If you choose, however, you can try to convince them that preparedness is always relative. You can ask them whether the wisdom of making claims likely to be disputed by another nation depends at all upon our country's ability and willingness to back up those claims by force. Or you can teach the people, if you prefer, that no change in any other country's attitude toward our foreign policy ought ever to cause either any increase in our preparedness or any abatement of our claims. In this free country you are free to teach the people that a country should be too proud to think.

IN much of the cotton territory the credit system has assumed an unsound extension, under a form calculated to produce the maximum of friction and distress in time of crisis. The retailer "carries" the farmer, the jobber "carries" the retailer, the manufacturer "carries" the jobber and the banker "carries" the manufacturer. And for all this complicated business of "carrying" the farmer pays and, moreover, is subjected to a kind of organized pressure to which he can offer but feeble resistance. We quote from a circular issued by the Nash Hardware Company of Fort Worth, Texas, October 12, 1914, and sent out "to its friends" by the Fidelity Trust Company of New York, November 5, 1914.

> If eight cents per pound, or even seven cents per pound, is all that a farmer can get for cotton, then that is all that cotton is worth, regardless of what it costs to raise it. . . . The retail merchant owes it to himself, to his jobber and to his bank to insist on the farmers selling, at least, a part of their cotton. A man has an unquestioned right to speculate on his own money, but he has no right to speculate on the other fellow's money. The farmer has a right to hold his cotton till doomsday if he does not owe anything; but he has no right whatever to hold his cotton to the financial embarrassment of the retail merchant who since spring has fed and clothed his wife and children and furnished him with the means with which to make that cotton. It is hard on the farmer to be disap-

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> pointed about the price which he *thought* he was going to get, but it is a whole lot harder on the retail merchant to go broke because the farmer won't sell his cotton and pay his honest debts. The conditions are not half as hard on him as on the retail and wholesale merchants who are losing hundreds and thousands of dollars because the farmer, by holding his cotton, has stopped the entire machinery of business. . . . We suggest to merchants generally, and we insist on our customers, especially, pressing the farmer to sell his cotton and pay his debts that the retail merchant may pay his debts and that we may also pay our debts.

Mr. McAdoo's proposed financial policy offers a means by which the Southern farmer can at the same time hold his cotton, and also pay up his honest debts.

ONCE more the news comes that England has awakened to the fact of war; this time there is every reason to believe that the report is true. The government has poked its long nose into the private affairs of thirty-two million ex-sovereign citizens. The questionnaires which have been distributed among all Britons between the ages of 15 and 65—except army and navy men and inmates of insane asylums and poorhouses—demand information the giving of which is abhorrent to every British instinct and is as natural to a German as five meals a day. To the task of preparing and distributing these questionnaires and tabulating their results the government has brought that innate incapacity for administration which is the best guarantee that Britons were never intended to be slaves. Fancy asking a country gentleman, who has been noble and unclassified for three generations, and who has been laboring to sustain fox-hunting through the gravest crisis in its history: "Are you skilled in any work other than that upon which you are at present employed, and if so what?" An Englishman's home is no longer his castle: it is more like a city-hall. Is it surprising that Britain has come to suspect that it is no longer at peace with all the world?

WHILE the taxation of tobacco is at present one of our richest sources of internal revenue, it is an important question whether it cannot be made to yield even more copiously. France, with a frugal population of forty millions, obtained, in 1914, over $100,000,000 from her tobacco monopoly, while the United States, with a spendthrift population of one hundred millions, obtained a tobacco revenue of $80,000,000. Deduct from the French receipts $40,000,000 for the costs of manufacture and distribution, and the comparison still tells heavily against us. Under the French system each grade of tobacco may be made to produce revenue according to its ability. The low grade cigar may be nine-tenths tobacco, while the high grade cigar may be three-fourths tax. With us the proportions are reversed. The five-cent cigar pays exactly the same tax as the fifty-cent cigar of the same weight. In either case the tax is less than one-third of a cent, and could be doubled without serious prejudice to the smokers or to the state. It is doubtful whether a doubling of the tax would reach many of the consumers. The tax would lessen the margin between the jobbing price and the retail price, and in the end check the immense and unnecessary multiplication of tobacconists' establishments. But let us suppose that the tobacco trade succeeds in shifting the burden to the consumer. If the consumer feels the tax, he can escape its effect by substituting a cheaper grade—if indeed the tobacco trade, in its efforts to shift the tax, does not quietly perform this substitution for him. It is the universal testimony of tobacco users that tobacco utilities are largely determined by use and wont. There is as much bliss in a nine-cent cigar as in one costing ten cents, once you have overcome the disagreeable reactions attendant upon every sort of change. Without the least cost or hardship to any one, the federal government could increase its tobacco revenues by thirty or forty millions.

"TIME was when prisoners were prisoners, nothing more nor less," says *America*, "just criminals who committed a crime and were under punishment for it. Those were the days when men put God and morality above sentiment and utility. . . But the old order has changed. . . Sentiment has gone mad; it always does when a certain class of men and women, well-known to nerve specialists and alienists, are driven by the spirit of evil to study godless sociology, abnormal psychology and other perversions in order to help the devil in his campaign against righteousness. Give such folks full fling and prisoners will have electric fans, pages, pretty waitresses at whom to make eyes, and all the comforts of home." It makes interesting reading, this kind of thing, but it is rather ignorant. Long before the days of godless sociology and abnormal psychology and the other perversions, long before the first number of *America* was published, men not wholly unlike its editors were made unhappy by the happiness of convicts. Listen to Mr. Cotton, Ordinary of Newgate, testifying in 1818 before a committee of the House of Commons "that the generality of those who are transported" to Botany Bay "consider it a party of pleasure —as going out to see the world; they evince no penitence, no contrition, but seem to rejoice in the thing—many of them to court it. I have heard them, when the sentence of transportation has been passed by the Recorder, return thanks for it, and seem overjoyed at their sentence."

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At what time and in what countary does *America* think prisoners were treated about as they ought to be?

Making Hayti Independent

IN view of its novelty and intrinsic importance, the proposed treaty between the United States and Hayti has attracted little public attention and incurred little opposition. Yet it establishes a precedent for the very considerable enlargement of the responsibilities of the United States in respect to the good behavior of the petty governments in and near the Caribbean Sea. If this treaty goes into effect the American nation will be pledged to organize a sound financial administration and an authoritative government for the people of Hayti. It has never before proposed to interfere so drastically in the affairs of an ostensibly independent country. In the case of Puerto Rico technical sovereignty actually passed from Spain to the United States. In the case of Cuba the United States obtained from the Cubans the right to intervene in certain specific emergencies; but unless those emergencies occurred, Cuba was to be left severely and scrupulously alone. In Hayti, on the other hand, the administration proposes to place the most essential departments of the political and financial administration in the hands of American officials. While the United States does not annex Hayti, it assumes control of the affairs of its bankrupt government, just as a court takes over the assets of a bankrupt corporation.

The nearest precedents are those of Nicaragua and Santo Domingo. But the Nicaraguan treaty, which did not go as far as the proposed arrangement with Hayti, was never confirmed; and the convention with Santo Domingo was much more restricted in scope. In 1907 the condition of Santo Domingo was similar to that of Hayti to-day. The country had defaulted on its obligations; one futile revolution had been succeeded by another; intervention was threatened by foreign governments. In order to prevent such intervention President Roosevelt negotiated a treaty, which provided merely for the scaling down of the debt, the collection of customs by officials named by the American government, the application of fifty-five per cent of the revenue for debt service, and the turning over of the residue to the Dominican government. When the Senate refused to ratify the treaty Mr. Roosevelt put the arrangement into effect by executive act. The Americans originally designated to collect the customs performed their work so economically and efficiently that the minor percentage of the revenue turned over to the Dominican government was larger than all the revenue which the Dominicans themselves had previously been able to collect. But the arrangement was not as successful as was expected in checking revolution. The treaty with Hayti provided, consequently, not only for the collection of the revenues by American officials, but the exercise of control over expenditures and the organization of a constabulary sufficiently strong to maintain order.

The new arrangement manifestly involves much more serious responsibilities than the old. It means the assumption of a temporary protectorate over the Haytian state; and it means that if necessary the authority of the Americans nominated to govern Hayti would be enforced by American soldiers. Manifestly such a considerable development of the scope of American policy in the Caribbean Sea must be authorized by something more than executive convention. The consent of two-thirds of the Senate should be obtained to the arrangement, and considering the fate of the Dominican and Nicaraguan treaties there is no assurance that a sufficient majority will be secured. President Wilson may, however, be able to bring about its acceptance, as the only possible alternative to intervention by France and other European Powers; and if he does, it will constitute an extraordinary illustration of the way in which a nation can be forced to travel in a certain direction in spite of the utmost reluctance. The American people certainly do not wish to assume at the present moment any additional foreign responsibilities. But they may be obliged to do so, and if so the party personally responsible for the act will be the anti-expansionist Democracy.

The Democrats will, however, draw a justifiable distinction between Hayti and the Philippines. In the case of Hayti we are undertaking only a temporary receivership. The country will remain, like Santo Domingo, technically independent. Congress will have no right to pass laws for the Haytian people. The Americans designated to govern Hayti will be Haytian officials to whom salaries will be paid out of the Haytian revenues, and who will derive their powers from a treaty accepted by some kind of a Haytian government. The assumption is that eventually the Haytians will resume control of their own government just as the stockholders of a bankrupt railway eventually resume control of their property. Haytian independence, instead of being damaged by being placed in trust, may gradually be made more real and more valuable. The purpose will be to build up a really independent state in Hayti by organizing an authoritative government, by accustoming the Haytians to the advantage of internal peace and order, and by developing their latent economic resources.

The criticism will be made that we are seeking to bestow upon the Haytian people certain specific

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political and financial benefits which we ourselves do not very plentifully possess. Our own state governments are notorious for their financial extravagance, for their administrative incompetence and for their inability to enforce their laws and maintain order. The national government exercises its authority more effectively, but it is far from being an example of financial probity and efficiency. The facts on which this criticism is based are unimpeachable; but the inference that we are unable to establish in Hayti a higher administrative standard than that which prevails at home is unwarranted. We all know that Americans can be designated who will be fully competent to develop the economic estate of Hayti, to reorganize its financial administration and to maintain order. Men competent to do the job exist. It is merely a question of adopting the proper method of selecting them.

In relation to the matter some plain speaking is necessary. If President Wilson uses the methods in nominating Americans to govern Hayti which he used in nominating Americans to collect the Dominican revenues, the experiment is bound to be a disastrous failure. The Roosevelt and Taft administrations had appreciated the need of an expert service to carry out a colonial policy; and they had made a good start in the work of discovering and training its personnel. The Wilson administration, at least in the beginning, checked this admirable development. Take the peculiarly apposite case of Santo Domingo. The Dominican business was being administered by three competent men—by the minister, Mr. W. W. Russell, who was an experienced diplomatist, and by Mr. William Pulliam, who was head of the customs collection and who had benefited from twenty years' experience and training in the government service, and by an equally able assistant named Edwards. For Russell was substituted a criminal lawyer from New York and a Bryan henchman named William S. Sullivan, for Pulliam, Walter V. Vick, assistant secretary of the Democratic National Committee, and for Edwards, an inexperienced and unfit Democratic politician from Kentucky. The last two changes were made regardless of the protests of the Dominican government, whose employees Messrs. Pulliam and Edwards were. The results of the changes were unfortunate enough to provoke a public scandal, and the administration has so far repented as at least to send Mr. Russell back to his old position. The lesson is plain. If offices of this kind, which demand the services of expert administrators and whose incumbents are less American than Dominican or Haytian officials, are treated as spoils, the government which we could confer on Hayti would be no better than that of our American states. The idea of treating the Haytians as badly as that would be revolting.

If Germany Wins

WHAT the winning of a war like the present means in the concrete is something we have had neither time nor taste to consider seriously. To the fighting Allies, German victory seems to signify an indefinite expansion of the bounds of the German Empire and the imposition of conditions reducing all the rest of Europe to a state of vassalage. So extreme a view is doubtless pragmatically justifiable as stiffening the resistance to Teutonic aggression. But we who are far removed from the strife are under stricter obligations to take a sane view of the situation. If Germany wins, she will seize for herself as much of the territory of Europe as will strengthen her, strategically and economically. She will not let a primordial megalomania seduce her into an attempt to absorb great masses of recalcitrant populations, to generate irredentist and nationalist unrest through centuries.

Even where strategic considerations would favor the retention of conquered territory, we may expect the statesman to weigh carefully the disadvantages of a non-assimilable population. The experience of Alsace-Lorraine is not lost on the Germans. If the physical resources of those provinces and the easy lines of defence which they afford be set down as assets, the population is properly to be set down as a liability, though no inconsiderable part of it is German. The proposed line from Belfort to the mouth of the Somme might be more easily defended than the original German boundary —though this is doubtful. But the six million Belgians, and the equal number of French, that would thus be brought within the confines of the Empire would represent an almost insuperable obstacle to national unification. Add, too, that this region is prevailingly industrial, naturally competing with the industries of the Empire, and it will appear less probable that such extensive annexation is really desired by the Germans. The German industrial classes will recall that the inclusion of Lorraine within the customs lines cut seriously into their profits and employment. Accordingly we may assume that the purpose of annexing territory on the west is affirmed chiefly for purposes of negotiation. North France and Belgium can be traded off for peace and the restoration of overseas colonies.

On the east and southeast the situation is different. Russian Poland could be annexed without vigorous agitation on the part of the Poles for the restoration of the old order. The population of Poland would be an important military resource against Russia; indeed, if a substantial degree of autonomy were granted to Poland, she might be made to bear the brunt of a future Russian attack. The extension of Prussia to the Gulf of Finland

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might likewise be effected without laying ground for irredentist movements. The Baltic provinces are not too happy under the Russian empire. Their annexation would have the significant military advantage of enabling Germany to check the development of a Russian navy, threatening her from the rear. Russian Poland and the Baltic provinces have undoubted industrial possibilities, but they are still prevailingly agricultural, and under German rule would soon develop a notable balance of agricultural exports, to help make up the normal deficit in German production.

Such is probably the extreme expansion of Germany, even if she write her own peace terms. It is not, however, the limit of what she may do to weaken Russia. For a century the Swedes have gazed hungrily over the Gulf of Bothnia at their former possessions in Finland. Germany has long been in sympathy with Swedish ambitions to expand in this direction. Turn Finland and Lapland over to Sweden, and the not inconsiderable military resources of the Swedes could be counted on in all future quarrels with Russia. Sweden and Germany would stand or fall together. Austria would of course annex the greater part of Serbia, Montenegro and Albania; Serbian Macedonia and the Dobrudja would probably fall to Bulgaria, and Rumania would be compensated in Bessarabia. Thus the two surviving Balkan states would be bound by national interest to the Teutonic Alliance. Last would come the question of rewarding Turkey. Egypt has been suggested as an appropriate wage for Turkish intervention, but would doubtless be left in British hands in return for an early peace. Anyway, the Turk ought to be sufficiently thankful if German victory enables him once more to withdraw his neck from the noose. This in itself should assure his permanent loyalty to the Mid-European Alliance.

Assume that no territorial changes other than these follow a German victory, what will Germany have won by the war? Practically an impregnable military position. For she will have added to her existing military resources those of Russian Poland and the Baltic Provinces, whose population is not much under fifteen millions, those of Sweden and Finland, with a population of about nine millions, those of Bulgaria, probably about eight millions. Here, too, should be counted the military resources of Rumania—whatever they may amount to—and those of Turkey, difficult to estimate, but potentially very large. Such auxiliary resources would, of course, not necessarily be available against enemies attacking from the west. They would, however, be available against Russia, the one power that might be disposed to seek a renewal of hostilities. For the chain of Mid-European states would be held together, not by paper treaties, but by the common sharing of the Russian spoils.

German victory may thus be expected to create, under German hegemony, an offensive and defenssive alliance of precisely the most militant peoples of Europe. Germans, Poles, Swedes, Hungarians, Bulgars, Turks—did history ever record so virile a combination? But the Germans realize, better than any other people, that modern military power is based upon economic power, and German victory would be followed promptly by an energetic initiative in the fields of industry and commerce. The political alliance would be bound together by a network of commercial treaties creating practically a Mid-European customs union. From the Arctic Ocean to the Persian Gulf, trade, capital and enterprise would move, if not freely, at least subject to minimum international limitations. The rich Swedish ores would be imported in increasing volume into Germany, to be transformed into rails and bridge material for the development of transportation in the Balkans and Asia Minor. The wool and hides of Turkey and the Balkan states would be absorbed by Hungarian and German industry; the development of Balkan agriculture, and the inevitable trade of the Black Sea, would solve the food problem of north Germany and Sweden. The infinity of house productions of Sweden and Finland would find a responsive market in the prospering industrial centers of Germany and southward. With German capital and management, Anatolia would again become a garden, as in the days of the Seleucidae.

If Germany wins, the basis is laid for a broader and more cosmopolitan industrialism than the world has yet seen. The prodigies Germany achieved in transforming herself from a poverty-stricken waste into the second richest country in Europe will have to be overtopped by the allied group, if they are to live in secure peace. The careful administration of her labor force, which has provided Germany with a factory population sound to the core, capable of sustaining the hardships of the severest of all wars, will have to be imitated by her allies.

And what will this victorious and invincible combination do about the British Empire and the Monroe Doctrine? Probably nothing. It will be occupied for a generation in cultivating its own vast garden. It will trade with the rest of the world on terms sufficiently favorable to itself. It will enter the international investment market and the colonial exploitation trade, and insist vigorously upon its share of the gains, ill or well got. It will doubtless be truculent enough in its diplomatic tone; but with Russia at hand, it will not be seeking other trouble.

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Mental Unpreparedness

TO a younger generation brought up with a humanitarian and evolutionist philosophy the war has been a shock that has dislodged all the old ideals. If the conflict had been over speedily, we might have dismissed it as a momentary aberration of our civilized world. The Balkan wars we could view calmly because they were too palpably contests between half-formed nations to shake our faith in the bettering Europe. But the war has not been speedy. And now after a year what was a shock in which the very universe seemed to reel has become almost the normal background of European affairs. We no longer ask how it can all be got back to its original state, but what the outcome will do to our world. While a year ago we could not have believed that we lived in such a world, we have now been fairly dragooned into accepting the fact that it is exactly in the sort of world where such things happen that we live, and may live for years to come.

That background of ours which was shattered by the iron touch of *Weltkrieg* was primarily one of social evolution. We studied the customs and movements of the peoples, the economic structure of society, rather than the life of camps and courts, the intrigues of rulers, and the bargainings and warfares of states. The "new history" told us how the peoples lived and worked, how they were conditioned by geographical environment. History became the clue to that understanding of society to which intellectual enthusiasm in these latter days has shifted itself.

The nineteenth century, which gave us the immediate setting for to-day, was sketched for us in wholly beneficent lines as an irresistible progress. The colossus of the industrial revolution almost smothered that French Revolution which for the orthodox historians had been the parting of the ways. The inventors loomed larger than the statesmen. We traced the clamors for political democracy to the root of industrial progress, and found in the transformation of the means of production and communication, the clue to that contemporary history which we studied with so much eagerness. Indeed, in the colleges it was exactly this modern time and the forces that had produced it that we most heavily emphasized. We studied comparative government, we knew the outlines of the labor movements and the extension of the suffrage in the various countries. We studied contemporary philosophies, Bergson, Nietzsche, the pragmatists. Current foreign literature made its way into the college course. It was to the modern world that that part of young America which has fallen under intellectual influences during the past ten years has chiefly devoted itself.

And yet, though no generation ever studied so closely its own environment, the war caught us almost staggeringly unprepared. It was not that our material was incorrect, or our interest vain. It was rather that all our interpretations had led us to expect a different dénouement to the drama. At the clinch we were to find that the forces which we had seen as the motivating ones were weaker than others more traditional, which had dropped to a subordinate place in our minds. Our cosmopolitanism had made us forget that the European states represented very tight and integrated cultures, with very diverse histories, group-wills, philosophies. We had inadvertently washed the colors out of our maps, and left only geographical boundary lines between the peoples, whom we tended to think of as psychically like ourselves. In putting our attention on "movements," we had neglected the richly-woven fabrics of the diverse "Kulturs." We persistently thought of democracy, universal suffrage, equal rights, social legislation, as benevolent diseases which were spreading through one after another of the nations of Europe. We made these movements into things-in-themselves, and they, rather than the entire culture situation, became the realities for us. Our young historians could speak of "the ever-recurring and increasingly successful movements throughout Europe for the extension of the suffrage, and the removal of legal disabilities in society," as if national differences were only differences of democratic altitude, and the same advancing wave would slowly and automatically rise above them all.

The Russian revolution, the Young Turks, Portugal, China, marked for us the ascent of the waters. Where we might have seen the Russians endeavoring to transcend the tepid constitutionalism of the western world in the interests of a truly social state on occupational lines; where we might have seen the political resurrection of the Ottoman as the fruit of German intrigue; where we might have predicted the dictatorship of Yuan-Shi-Kai; here we preferred only to see the nations strung along a straight line of democratic progress and straining all in the same direction. We scarcely saw that we were naïvely postulating an Anglo-Saxon standard as the goal for all.

After democracy we saw the coming of social control. When the peoples should have caught the benevolent disease of democracy, we saw them behaving in the interests of deliberate social betterment. "The people of each affected state," says a recent book, "thought of using their democratic representative mastery over government as a means to undertake industrial regulation and general social control." And we studied the forms of social politics in the different countries, scarcely stopping

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to analyze the motivations which made laws in Baden mean something wholly different from the same laws in France. Always the emphasis was on the quality—the democracy, the representative mastery, the social politics—instead of on the country as a whole, with its attitudes and aspirations, its peculiar ways of interpreting itself, the interplay of its classes.

This interpretation of Europe in terms of democratic quality was immensely reinforced by international socialism. Here, at least, was a common force, an international political party. And the discovery that there were socialisms taking the color of the different cultures, rather than Socialism, was perhaps the hardest challenge which our old background received from the war.

Even nationality we saw in innocent terms, unsaturated with the menace of to-day. The integration of Germany and Italy in the nineteenth century came to our minds as noble attainments, not beginnings. National aspirations were veiled to us by the peace movement and the half-truths of Norman-Angellism. We saw only the internationalizing forces, which were in truth there. The peace movement seemed another of those benevolent diseases which should speedily bless mankind. To hasten its work, an American had built an inoculating station at The Hague. Peace took the guise of the mere prevention of war. The map became a symbol of fixity of status. All the "problems of power," the conflict of national interests, we deprecated as unreal. Such talk was the professional bias of a decaying military caste, which we saw everywhere as on the defensive. The real powers were the industrial and democratic elements. The language in which international affairs were discussed we dismissed as diplomatic jargon. Even when we saw the wagon-trains and regiments in European streets we could not take them seriously. We saw them only as a costly form of insurance. An armed peace, but essentially a *peace!* Increased armaments served to insure against calamity.

Everything conspired then to make our background of contemporary Europe that most perilous of things—a field where a benevolent destiny was working itself out unaided. And nothing is more blinding than belief in a progress which is not conditioned by deliberate human intelligence. For to recognize the balking of the benevolent destiny seems too flagrantly like surrendering our whole host of ideals. If we have learned anything from a year of war, it is that we shall have to face a world very different from that with which our current imaginations have grown up. Are we to refuse to face it, and call our refusal idealism? Are we to balk at finding nationalism to be, instead of a finished ideal, an infinitely dynamic urge; at finding potent ideals of valor and collectivism which bear solidly against the direction in which we saw civilization to be going? Are we to content ourselves with anger, and with a mere reiteration of our old ideals? Shall we still talk of "immutable principles," and petrify our desires? Shall we continue to make English conceptions of democracy and progress the measuring-rods for the nations? Shall we say, "Though it slay me, yet will I still trust in the nineteenth century?"

These are hard questions. Their very expression will seem to many to be a shameful surrender. Yet if we stand indomitably by our idealistic guns, shall we not perhaps put ourselves in the tragic position of being able to face the truth only by losing our ideals. To be immutable is really to be false to our whole American pragmatic philosophy. The war has been the first real test of that attitude. We are at the parting of the intellectual ways. We can put our ideals behind us and turn and worship them, or we can put them ahead of us and struggle towards them. It is an issue between an old immutable idealism and a new experimental idealism. We can reiterate or we can explore. To screw our ideals a notch higher, to live in a new century, does not mean spiritual defeat. We do not need to surrender. But we emphatically need to understand.

While the world is breathless, we can try resolutely to reconstruct our shattered background, find out what kind of a world we live in. We should make the time one of education, and not of prophecy or objurgation or bewailing. No one knows what will come. Certainly merely getting the war over will not bring back the old ideals. If we desire that new world where all can live, we must first thoroughly understand how all want to live. Our education can be in the way of learning what each nation thinks it is doing, and in comparing its pretensions with the good life which it has been able to build for itself, as a society and as a family of individuals. New ideals can work out only from such a vantage-ground of fact. The war gives us the incomparable opportunity of laying that foundation of stern realism on which to build our new ideals. And those new ideals must come, not in terms of metaphysical qualities as before, but in terms of the concretely envisaged good life, built on science, illumined with art, happy with intelligence and equality. But only by understanding what Europe is now shall we be able to understand the Europe that the war will leave, and the Europe that it may become. Only by becoming acquainted with the peoples, their wills, their philosophies, their "Kulturs," shall we save ourselves from being caught by some new crisis intellectually unprepared.

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The Exchange Situation

STERLING exchange at $4.50 or even $4.60 is one of those disconcerting realities of war-time finance for which there is no explanation in economic theory or in strict business principles. Whatever the risk of shipping gold, it can be got across the Atlantic at rates well within the margin represented by a discount of from five to seven per cent. The owners of gold in England, if animated strictly by individualistic motives, would continue to export gold until stripped of their last ounce. Gold, however, we know is largely impounded in public or semi-public reservoirs, and is allowed to flow only when the national policy permits. But more astonishing is the behavior of the billions of American securities still held in England and France. For the most part the London price of these securities corresponds very closely with the New York price. The British holders of such securities can therefore make a profit equal to the premium on exchange by selling in New York. Now a rise of from five to seven per cent, known to be temporary, is ordinarily sufficient to precipitate an enormous selling movement. How are we to explain the fact that our securities are coming back only in negligible parcels, instead of in volume sufficient to wipe out the discount on London exchange?

It has been said that American securities held in England are in strong hands, and hence remain off the market in spite of the chance of a profit. But if pecuniary considerations alone are involved, there are no hands so strong that they cannot be pried open by so substantial a profit as the exchange premium offers. If funds released through sale of American securities could not readily be reinvested, the sluggishness of sale of American securities would be explicable. But with all the public treasuries of the Allies crying for money this hypothesis fails us.

To the average American it seems natural that the British and French should give us back our securities in exchange for the food, cotton and munitions we are sending them. If individual holders are reluctant to do this, why cannot the Allied governments, through the nationally controlled financial systems, bring pressure to bear upon them? It is superfluous to point out in what concrete ways such pressure could be brought to bear. No one would argue that the governments could not correct the exchange situation in this way, if there were no other ways that seemed to be more to their advantage.

As the war drags on, the Allied governments are developing an increasing interest in America as a source of funds. At the outbreak of hostilities our administration placed itself on record as opposed in principle to the flotation of war loans in the American financial markets, and various early projects were dropped. American public sentiment is still probably somewhat unfavorably disposed toward such loans. But American public sentiment is keenly alive to the advantages of a growing export trade. Suppose that the alternative presents itself: No more purchases in America, unless loans can be floated here. It is probable that the opposition to such loans would be decidedly weakened. There is increasing evidence that Allied financiers are speculating on the possibility of effecting a combination btween our interest in exports and their interest in floating loans here. The New York *Times* quotes "one of the best informed authorities" in London to the following effect: "America wants to sell Europe its goods, and if Americans hope to continue these sales they must find means of giving the usual credits and stabilizing exchange." It is admitted that munitions will be purchased from us, whatever the exchange situation. But wheat and meat and a thousand and one other things may be had elsewhere, and, we are told, we must expect our exports of such goods to decline unless we make satisfactory arrangements as to payment.

However much or little there may be in the threat to go elsewhere for goods, it seems tolerably clear that it is brought forward just now to prepare us to receive various proposals for loans with a reasonable degree of sympathy. And it is also tolerably clear why our securities are not coming back in greater volume. Through the volume of such securities exchange might be stabilized; but the difficulties inherent in the present anomalous condition of exchange, with the menace involved to our export trade, may serve the purpose of forcing open our markets to foreign loans.

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Agrarian Unrest in the South

COTTON is the single cash crop, and therewith also the chief agricultural export, of the South. Add to this the fact that the supply of cotton is financially controlled not at the centers of exchange, but at the actual source of supply, and you have in sum the essentials of the existing situation. How this situation has come to exist is still an untold story. The end of it all—the fact that financial control has succeeded in fastening itself upon the cotton-producing states of the South—is evident on all sides. There are statistics also, and practical experience besides; these exhibit certain salient features, such as absentee landlordism, the tenant system, and so forth. I shall not attempt to tell the story myself, since there are others much better qualified. Among these is Hon. Joseph T. Holleman, of whom the Atlanta *Constitution* says: "Probably no man is better posted concerning farm conditions in the South."

According to Mr. Holleman the situation has come about in this way: When the Southern soldiers returned to their homes after the Civil War, they had nothing left but their land. Fortunately in every town and village there were a few men who kept up their financial connections with the North. It was these men who saved the situation, by buying goods on credit and selling them out to the farmers again on credit. Under an arrangement of this sort the Southern farmers had to buy everything that they needed, not only seeds and agricultural implements, but also food for themselves and for their negro employees. Naturally the men engaged in this sort of business began themselves to accumulate land, by foreclosure, or by outright purchase. These men are to-day the large landowners and the large cotton producers of the South. "In every county you will find them," Mr. Holleman says. "They own the banks, the fertilizer plants, the oil mills, the warehouses and big supply stores, and all the important lines of business. They sell the farmer his agricultural implements, his fertilizers, his mules; all that he and his laborers wear, and all that he and his laborers eat. They also represent non-residents, who own large tracts of land, and they control these lands and dictate what shall be planted on them. They are also in politics, they are members of the legislature, they are active in all elections, they have candidates for all the county offices, they help elect the mayors of their towns, the solicitors of the city courts, the solicitors general, the county judges, the judges of the superior court, the congressmen, the governors, and the United States Senators."

In this trenchant analysis of the existing situation, Mr. Holleman shows us quite clearly there are three classes concerned: free farmers, tenant farmers, and absentee landlords. As for the first of these, according to our authority, "they are not more disturbed by the war in Europe than they would be by an eruption of the volcano Vesuvius. Nor are they concerned as to whether they can sell their cotton crop. If they get the price they want, they sell it. If not, they pile it up under the oak trees in their front yards and let it stay there." Thus, as Mr. Holleman says, "we need not concern ourselves greatly about the real farmers, the independent farmers of Georgia and the South. They have demonstrated the fact that they can take care of themselves, in good times and in bad times, in times of peace and in times of war." Nevertheless we should concern ourselves seriously about their decline as a class. "There are still such farmers left in Georgia and the South"; but, says Mr. Holleman, "you can count them in each county on your ten fingers." So it is everywhere over the cotton-producing area; even in the state of Texas free farmers are becoming fewer and further between. Altogether, according to Mr. Holleman's estimate, they number possibly 10 per cent of the farming population of the South.

As for the second class, that is increasing so rapidly that from statistics of the United States Census Mr. Holleman shows: "In twenty-seven Georgia counties there are 51,033 farm homes; 34,429 of these farm homes are occupied by tenants, and 16,604 are occupied by owners. In other words, nearly 70 per cent of the farms are occupied by tenants. These are the farms that are producing the cotton." Of the remaining 30 per cent, according to Mr. Holleman's estimate, 10 per cent are occupied by independent farmers; this leaves 20 per cent unaccounted for. These "are occupied by owners that are small farmers who have never reached the point of independence and who follow exactly the same system of farming that is followed by the 70 per cent making up the tenant farmers." Take Texas as an example of the new Southwest. In his preliminary report to the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, Special Investigator Charles W. Holman asserts: "There are more than 200,000 tenant farmers in Texas." Startling as they seem, these figures are fully corroborated by Commissioner Calvin of this state, who has gathered together the statistics and worked out some calculations on his own account. According to Mr. Calvin, "in 1910 there were all-told 415,838 farms in Texas; of this

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number 195,863 were operated by owners and 219,975 by tenants, or 46 per cent by owners and 52.6 per cent by tenants." Assuming that farms operated by tenants have gained since 1910 at the same rate as between 1900 and 1910, Mr. Calvin calculates that on April 15, 1915, they must have outnumbered farms operated by owners by 35,040. Thus taking Georgia and Texas as opposite examples, evidently the tenant farming situation is pretty much the same all over the South.

At one time, in discussing Mexico, President Wilson referred to the down-trodden people of that country as the submerged 85 per cent. "Well," says Mr. Holleman, "we have this submerged class in our own country, but you will notice I have raised the percentage. I put it at 90 per cent. About 10 per cent of our farmers are independent, 20 per cent are small white farmers owning their lands, and 70 per cent are tenant farmers." That these conclusions are in no sense extravagant is evident further from the findings of the Federal Commission. Says Special Investigator Holman on this subject: "The time has come for the people of this government to realize that its land inheritance is slipping away, and that ownership is becoming concentrated into the hands of a limited number of individuals. Moreover, the tendency toward further concentration is evident on all sides. At the same time the tenants who farm the majority of the Southern farms—that constitute over half the farms of the nation—are being reduced to the status of wage laborers. In the Southwest the condition has become particularly acute, with the rapid increase of tenant farmers over home-owning farmers, and an accelerated tendency toward land ownership."

It is this last—the concentration of land ownership in the hands of outsiders, so to speak—that is fundamentally responsible for the existing situation. "If," Mr. Holleman writes, "one of these owners lives too far away to look after renting and to attend to the gathering of the crop and the collection of rent, some local man is an agent for the purpose. This local man is certain to be one of the prominent business men in the city, the town, or the village nearest the farm. This local agent, of course, looks first to making a good rent contract for the owner. When that point is accomplished, then he sees to it that, in some way or other, the handling of all the cotton produced on that farm should come through his store or his bank. He sees to it that all the fertilizers that are bought for this farm, all the mules that are purchased for this farm, all the farming implements that are used on this farm, and all the supplies that go to the tenants on this farm, are handled by him. His only idea is to make the farm produce cotton, and he will attend to everything needed on the farm, get the rents for the owner, and make a commission, or a sales profit, on everything that is bought for the farm or sold from the farm." As for those that live close at hand, in the cities and towns of the South, they are business men for the most part, "bankers, merchants, owners of oil mills, cotton factories, fertilizer plants," and so on, as Mr. Holleman says, together with "rich lawyers and wealthy physicians, superior court judges, members of Congress, and other classes, whose business training and business enterprises are based solely on cotton. They know that real farming can not be conducted by them." To become real farmers these men would have to "go out in the country, live on the farms, and look after the cultivation of the land, the growing of grain and hay, the raising of live stock. This sort of farming requires constant and intelligent attention. Cotton farming can be done by any sort of a poor white tenant and any sort of a negro. All these poor tenants and negroes need is to have a little direction from town in the spring time, and arrangement by which all they eat, and all their stock eats, is furnished to them. Then they can produce the cotton and carry it into town in the fall, where the lord of the manor will be ready to take it, sell it, pocket the lion's share, and let the poor white tenant and negro tenant have just enough to keep him alive until next year's crop comes in. These men give no thought to the building up of the land, but milk it from year to year of every ounce of cotton it will produce." This being the case, the single-crop system is evidently not the result of shiftlessness on the part of the farmers; on the contrary, the single-crop system appears to be imposed from above by the absentee landlords.

The foregoing statements, based upon observed facts, supported by official figures, and issued in all temperance by those best qualified to speak on the subject, substantiate the conclusions from which I set forth: The cotton crop of this country is controlled, and that too at the source of its supply. Not, as it should be, by the staple growers themselves; nor yet, as it might be, by the federal or state governments concerned; but, as it certainly should not be, by a comparatively small group of individuals composing the so-called cotton oligarchy of the South. The interests of these individuals are not in first instance agricultural, they are fundamentally financial, and, from the standpoint of the staple growers, altogether alien, if not actually foreign in character. Thus in the last analysis the situation seems to resolve itself into a clear-cut issue between financial exploitation on the one hand, and agricultural production on the other. The natural resources of the South are such as to stimulate productive activities, not only along agricultural, but

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also along industrial and commercial lines. Under our existing exchange system, however, there is a condition precedent to be considered: in order to undertake productive activities it is necessary to secure capital, cheaply and reasonably withal. Yet the available capital appears to be exclusively controlled, and those in control seem inclined to exploit. Hence the existing deadlock between exploitation and production, resulting in the single-crop system and the financial oppression of the South. Evidently to break this deadlock a twofold campaign is required—a negative campaign against exploitation, and a positive campaign for production.

In Texas both these campaigns are already inaugurated, along what seem to me the correct strategic lines, under the able leadership of Governor Ferguson, or Farmer Jim, as he is popularly known. The first thing necessary in the negative campaign is to disrupt the financial oligarchy; this done, the productive resources of the state will be opened to all the investors of the financial world. Such was the underlying purpose of the Gibson insurance bill, which failed unfortunately in the last legislature. But, as I understand it, the ill-fated Gibson bill was only the first gun in this negative campaign against exploitation; others will soon be fired that will fetch their mark. But suppose, after the oligarchy is disrupted, the exploiters should reorganize their financial forces along national or supernational lines? In such case it would be necessary to bring forward and strengthen the fiscal forces of the state. Governor Colquitt's plan in this connection was to establish a state agricultural bank, which should lend its funds directly to the staple growers against cotton as security. The difficulty is that no single state is strong enough financially even to regulate, much less to control the cotton situation of the entire South. Nor is it necessary for any state to proceed single-handed. That is the function of the national government, and the Federal Reserve act explicitly provides for just such a contingency. One of the prime features of this act is to mobilize federal funds and place them where they are most required.

But to proceed against the exploiters is only one part of the proposed campaign. To attack, and even overcome the financial oligarchy, is not of itself enough; it is necessary also to educate and organize the exploited. In Texas particularly, whose population is composed of so many diverse and in some cases discordant elements, it is not enough to relieve the people from the pressure of exploitation; they must be educated also, and organized along productive lines, in order that they may be able to take advantage of their magnificent natural resources. Like the negative campaign against exploitation, this positive campaign for production is also inaugurated in Texas, and well on its way under the able administration of Governor Ferguson. In the first place there is the tenant farmer's plank in the Governor's political platform, which has since become incorporated in the laws of the state. According to this statute no landlord is entitled to more than a third of the cotton or a fourth of the corn, and bonuses are strictly excluded. So the tenant farmer has now at least a chance to succeed. In the second place there are the rural school law and the compulsory educational bill, which not only render it possible, but even make it obligatory for the children of the country districts to attend school. It will be interesting to observe how these laws operate when it comes to cotton-picking times when the children are required in the fields. Then again, diversified farming is not only encouraged, but also materially aided by both state and federal educational agencies; industrial enterprises are already instituted, transportation facilities are being extended throughout the state, and from these commercial expansion is destined to proceed.

LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.

Stephen Crane

WHATEVER is deeply thought is well written, in the view of M. Remy de Gourmont. The observation has an aerial beauty. From its outlook one instinctively casts a revisiting glance of speculation at well written places in expression one had lost awhile, to find how deeply thought they are.

In this speculative glance, not long since, I chanced to be arrested by the memory of Stephen Crane. Endowed with a genius for direct expression, he was able in his short existence to present a surprising number of penetrating ascertainments of American life, with a high degree of clarity and power.

One encounters occasionally a popular conception of Stephen Crane as the author of one or two slight prose tales, and a few lines of grotesque verse—a writer of fragmentary achievement, with a talent of distinct originality, but somewhat narrow. The conception has come into being, doubtless from our widespread custom of asking concerning each subsequent work of an author whether it is just like his first book, and of ignoring the subsequent work if it is not. With many authors this is the only means we have of supporting a certain, correct, traditional attitude of consistent disappointment in their efforts. The prevalence of the attitude is attested by the celebrated response of a veteran editor of *Punch* to a friend's remark that *Punch* wasn't as good as it used to be: "No, it never was."

To interested readers of Stephen Crane's work, no impression of it could be further than the fabular

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repute we have mentioned from the facts of his productive career as a writer. Before his death in his thirtieth year, Stephen Crane had published eleven books. While none of these is a large book, it is true, they are for the most part of remarkable concentration and substance, and of a marked variety in subject, in kind, in tone, and in treatment—historical essays, special articles, poetry and fiction; among these publications there are perhaps forty short stories, and five very dissimilar brief novels, ranging from the sustained tragedy of "Maggie" to mockery's lightest touch in "The Third Violet."

"The line of Sesshu," says a critic of Japanese line-drawing, "vibrates with the nervous force of the artist's hand." With the exception of "Active Service," a work composed, as one understands, in illness, and two or three of the Mexican tales, which are rather standardized and weakly handled, the description might characterize all these contributive pieces of fiction.

The world of misery, the world of poverty, the very presence of exploiting meanness, of the impulse to pride oneself on using human beings and casting them aside, rises in the tale of "Maggie." A story of the "poor among the poor," of a warm-hearted, pleasure-loving girl, a stitcher in a collar-factory, who is betrayed and deserted by a barkeeper and remains in poverty through the last despair of unsuccess in her final calling as a street-walker, the novel is all narrated in the first-hand terms of crowded life, the terms of the life of New York tenements, tenement-streets and saloons, selectively rendered, without comment, without shallow judgments, with the searching and complete humor of the desire of truth in our exploitational world, where Maggie's exploiter is himself exploited. Much "happens" in both this book and "George's Mother"—sins, shames, gaieties, injustices. Delicately analytical, the method of the narratives spreads no analysis upon the page. They proceed by a realization of the movement, color, sound, odor, form and contact of their scene and incident, often desperate incident, wrought by struggling characters in their course through the wilds of a random civilization.

One touch of dulness which makes many novels kin, purporting falsely to be realistic, is a lack of unified expression. Relating much about lives, they tell us nothing at all about life. They fail in the power of seizing some one positive, though hitherto undiscriminated, aspect of creation—something as actual and yet as intangible as the look of an individual countenance—and thus miss the nameless fusion which illuminates a realized presentment. It is in this faculty of penetrating social criticism, of a vivid, well-chosen focus of the human circles and aims he presents, that Stephen Crane excels and interests.

We have no more spirited portrait of the mob-meanness of our democracy—the peculiarly American disgrace that shames us among nations—than his short story, "The Monster," a chronicle of the cruelty of the people of an eastern town to a negro maimed in recovering from a fire the child of the town's best doctor. The completely miserable performance of these people; their laudation of poor Henry Johnson; their editorial on his heroism when it is supposed he is dead; and their disapprobation of him after he is saved by Dr. Trescott's skill and returns to live among them, in his disfigurement and idiocy, faceless, and horrible to look upon; their insistence that he be taken out of the town to spare their sensibilities; and their desertion and ruin of the career of Dr. Trescott, his one friend—all this is of the best stuff of tragedy, a living likeness of the wilds of a cowardly tyranny, splendidly and thoroughly understood and told, and of the same piece of appreciation of the minds and motives of men as Kent's blinding.

If the pity and terror of democracy's mob-meanness are vividly revealed by Stephen Crane, so is the inspiration and swing of democracy's impulse to keep in line.

> On the morning of July 2nd, I sat on San Juan hill and watched Lawton's division come up. I was absolutely sheltered, but still where I could look into the faces of men who were trotting up under fire. There wasn't a high heroic face among them. They were all men intent on business. That was all. It may seem to you that I am trying to make everything a squalor. That would be wrong. I feel that things were of the sublime. They were not of our shallow and preposterous fictions. They stood out in a simply majestic commonplace. It was the behavior of men on the street. It was the behavior of men. In one way, each man was just pegging along at the heels of the man before him, who was pegging along at the heels of still another man who— It was that in the flat and obvious way. In another way it was pageantry, the pageantry of the accomplishment of naked duty. One cannot speak of it—the spectacle of the common man serenely doing his work, his appointed work. It is the one thing in the universe which makes one fling expression to the winds and be satisfied to simply feel.

This passage from a special article in "War Memories" is quoted not only as an instance of Stephen Crane's manner in giving the reader the peculiar special light on the countenance of the situation he describes, but as an example of the extraordinary directness of that manner.

"Direct treatment of subject." In the last few years we have heard the phrase much used by the Imagists. Stephen Crane's two slender volumes of verse, "The Black Riders" and "War Is Kind,"

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have just now a timely interest from their achievement in a certain art of poetic expression regarded by numbers of persons—though certainly not, one believes, by the Imagists themselves—as only recently attempted. As both Stephen Crane and most of the Imagists are American poets it is curious to compare their likeness and divergence on this special point—"direct treatment of subject"—which is, according to Mr. Richard Aldington, the Imagists' first tenet.

To my own perception, with all deference to the Imagists' seriousness of purpose, and with a liking for their poetry though by no means an abject worship of it, this power of direct treatment in which Stephen Crane's verses excel is an art absent even from the aim of most of the poems the Imagists themselves regard as their most distinctive work—poems such as "After Ch'u Youan," "Acon, (after Joannes Baptista Amaltheus)" and "To Atthis (after the mss. of Sappho now in Berlin.)"

With the same brevity, exactitude and simplicity of outline which characterize Stephen Crane's verses, these poems of the Imagists' treat certain situations in existence, by no means in the method of a straightforward, first-hand understanding, but very indirectly, and through the media of the spirit and manner of certain remote, approved civilizations and habits of thought. Their charm, the charm of classic echo or historic fancy, has the scholarly grace and lovely refinement of line of a Wedgwood design. But this treatment of subject, while both simple and precise, is by no means direct. Akin to the Imagists' work in several attractive attributes, in this peculiar quality of an authentic, first-hand vision, Stephen Crane's poems seem to me to evince a far deeper and better conception than the Imagists' of direct expression in poetry.

Here is a love poem:

> Should the wide world roll away,
> Leaving black terror,
> Limitless night,—
> Nor God, nor man, nor place to stand
> Would be to me essential
> If thou and thy white arms were there,
> And the fall to doom a long way.

Here is a characterization:

> With eye and with gesture
> You say you are holy.
> I say you lie.
> For I did see you
> Draw away your coats
> From the sin upon the hands
> Of a little child.
> Liar!

Who are the men who are creators? Who will express truly the quality of his own knowledge of life; and leave behind a moving image that he has conceived of our own mortal ways—our little ways and large ways, in a fast-changing universe?

Such a creator was Stephen Crane. In his static lines of verse, in the lyric movement of his stories, vibrate unforgettable and authentic moods of the very nature of our country—the smell of the wet turf along the shaded house-walls, the pluming maple-tops, the muteness of neighbor and neighbor, the scorching breath of injustice, the air of wartime memories on cloudy bluff and valley, the wind's will blowing through the soul of youth, death in struggle everywhere, and the strength of love stronger than death, and the failures and the prides of our mortality.

> Oh, nothing, nothing, commonest things,
> A touch, a sound, a glimpse, a breath!

Again you turn, and look again and listen to the sense and spirit of his clear-voiced pages, and perceive you had forgotten how well written they are in remembering how deeply they are thought.

EDITH WYATT.

Illusory Wealth

THERE is no better cure for that harassing sense of poverty than a casual study of our statistics of wealth. The Census Bureau has recently reported that the wealth of the United States for the year 1912 was over one hundred and eighty-seven billions—thousands of millions—of dollars. It is a sum literally staggering, an aggregate immensely, one might almost say immeasureably, greater than that possessed by any other nation at any time in history. Moreover, this wealth is stupendously growing. Within twelve years, between 1900 and 1912, it has increased by ninety-nine billions of dollars. Our mere increment in wealth in these twelve years was fourteen times as great as the total national wealth revealed by the Census of 1850.

Should we analyze these figures, however, we are likely to be more reserved in our self-congratulations. We may glory in the fact, revealed by such statistics, that the average man, woman and child in the United States possesses almost two thousand dollars, and the average family almost ten thousand. But as a matter of common observation we know that the overwhelming majority of American families possess no such sum. We gather from certain statistical studies that in Wisconsin the poorest 65 per cent of the population own only 5.2 per cent of the wealth, while the richest 2 per cent own 57 per cent of the wealth. We know that in the United States, as in England, France, Prussia and elsewhere, this new wealth, whatever else it may be, is most unevenly distributed. But we do not even know what is the true nature of this new wealth,

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whether it is a good or an evil or both, whether it is a benefit to all the people and a sign of healthy development, or an increasing burden upon increasing sections of the population.

What, after all, does it signify when we say that we are ninety-nine billion dollars richer than we were twelve years ago? Does it mean that we have proportionately more lands and mines and houses and railroads and automobiles? Does it mean that we have saved all these billions from our income and reinvested them in our national business? So stupendous a saving has never been known in any country or in any age. It would mean that during these last twelve years we had accumulated at a rate almost four times as rapid as was our rate of accumulation during the previous twenty years. We should be saving more in one year than the total estimated wealth of the entire nation in 1850. It is not at all probable that this new increment in our wealth represents saving. Perhaps one-quarter or one-third—no one knows how much—does take the form of new and improved farms, railways, factories, houses. A greater part, however, is not new investment at all, but mere revaluation. It represents a higher price which we place upon a property which itself has not changed.

We must remember that what the community is really interested in is not private but social wealth. An individual citizen possesses certain material goods, or claims to goods and services; he owns houses, factories, railroad shares, government bonds, and is "worth" whatever he can get in exchange for these things. This is private wealth. If conditions change so that other people have to pay more for these articles, the owner is thereby richer. If, for one reason or another, commodities double in price, it is convenient for those who own the commodities and correspondingly inconvenient for those who do not own but need them. For the community as a whole, however, this means neither an increase nor a decrease in wealth, for society is interested alone in social wealth, in the actual commodities existing in society and the pleasure and utility derived from them, and not in the price which one man has to pay to another. It does not benefit society if the value or the selling price of these commodities rises or falls, so long as their amount and utility remain the same.

That is why this "statistical" increase in our wealth is of comparatively little significance. Since there is no way of measuring and counting the utilities represented by our wealth, we are forced to make up our figures by simply adding together the sums of money which men will pay each other for the exchange of the commodities in the country. What seems to have happened in the last decade in the United States, as in other countries, is that social welfare has increased far less rapidly than has "statistical" wealth. In other words, much of the new wealth which we believe has come to us is quite illusory.

Let us analyze this new wealth of ninety-nine billions of dollars. We shall find at least five factors making for the increase. The first element is new capital saved from our annual product, in other words, new, more and better goods. The second element is a value due to a more intensive, a more economical and a better coördinated social utilization of our wealth. Then again our values have been increased because they are measured in gold, which has declined in value, and this increment is in itself no more significant than would be a doubling of the distance from New York to Boston due to a halving of the mile. Fourthly, we have an increase in values arising out of a reduction in interest charges, and a consequent capitalization of incomes at a higher rate. Finally, vast amounts of our wealth have been given a scarcity value; in other words, are worth more simply because there are relatively less of them.

We may observe the working of these factors, and especially of the last, in the increase in our farm values. We all know of farms which, in the course of ten years, have doubled or even quadrupled in value. But they are the same farms as before. In many cases they are no larger, no more fertile, with no more buildings, with no increased investment of capital. They are worth more because they will bring more, and they will bring more because they are relatively scarcer. As the country fills up, as an increased demand all over the world raises the prices of farm products, the value of our American farms rises automatically. In 1900 they were worth twenty and a half billions of dollars; in 1910, forty-one billions, a jump in value of over twenty billions. Statistically the nation is wealthier by all these billions. But the real increase in national well-being is very much less than this sum, for primarily this increase in value is nothing but the capitalized power of American farm owners to charge other Americans—and also foreigners—higher prices for farm products. It means that the farm is acquiring more and more a scarcity value. This is good for the land-owner but bad for the rest of us, while for the nation as a whole, disregarding our foreign commerce in food-stuffs, it may be either good or bad. What benefits the property owner increases the value of his property, and this increase swells our statistics of wealth. On the other hand, the burden upon food buyers, upon which this increase in farm values is largely based, does not appear as negative wealth on the other side of the ledger.

What is true of our farms is equally true of much

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of our city real estate. Here again an enormous increase in value is due in large measure to the fact that the supply increases more slowly than the demand. It is because we have little good city land, not because we have much, that our statistical wealth is so great. If available building land in New York City could be suddenly multiplied tenfold, rents would decline, the value of unimproved real estate would fall to almost nothing, and as a nation we should appear to be poorer because we had more land.

This is the secret of much of our increase in statistical wealth. We appear richer because as a nation we have become relatively poorer in national resources. Everywhere the pressure of a growing population upon preëmpted resources results in higher prices, in a capitalization of these higher prices, and in a higher valuation of property. From one point of view this increase in our statistical wealth, in so far as it is not a mere reflection of a lower purchasing power of money, is an index of increased national power. When we say that we have one hundred and eighty-seven billions of dollars, a large portion of which is in the form of capital, we mean that we are paying, and under our present legal system must continue to pay, interest in some form or other upon this vast capital. Year by year we must take some six or seven or more billions of dollars of our income and turn it over to the men who own our city lots, our buildings, our railroads, farms, factories, and other wealth. It is a sign of national vitality that we can annually pay these huge sums to "property" and still reserve enough to maintain some sort of a standard of living for propertyless workers. But it is surely of no obvious advantage to have too large a proportion of our national income diverted to "property." We need not believe that a few men possess all property and the rest are totally disinherited to realize the danger of diverting a large portion of our national income to men who receive simply because they own.

Our statistics of national wealth, therefore, are not so entirely encouraging as they appear at first glance. An enormous annual payment to "property" is dangerous so long as property is held individually and unequally. However evenly such property might be divided in the present, a sharp tendency towards inequality is always present. Each year some two million babies are born in the United States, of whom many enter life without prospect of inheriting property. Our immigrants also come with nothing but their labor power, with no part in this vast aggregate of national wealth and national capital, which draws so large a proportion of our national income. Until we know more definitely what our distribution of wealth is we may well regard our increase in property values with suspicion.

WALTER E. WEYL.

The Peacefulness of Being at War

DURING the last twelve months the life of Great Britain has been acquiring a unitary aim or purpose. The aim itself is warlike; but it has been attended with some increase of mental peace. When war broke out we were living, as a nation, without any end or aim. We had our philosophers, of course, who instructed us that the "end" of the state was this or that; but very few persons consciously adopted the philosopher's end as their own; and those high-minded souls who did so must have felt themselves somewhat lonely—must, at all events, have lacked the calmness and strength which come from realizing that our neighbors are sharing our devotion to the common ideal. Whatever ideals existed had but a piecemeal acceptance: they waxed and waned, here to-day and gone to-morrow; they were at war with one another, and their devotees were mostly unconscious of any deeper principle on which they could unite. And beyond the relatively narrow circle where these ideals maintained their precarious dominion lay the vast dim populations, held together by "group instincts," by geographical conditions, and by the necessities of the economic struggle for existence. Regarded from the moral point of view, the scene was one of indescribable confusion: it was, in fact, a moral chaos.

Our "inner state," in consequence, was marked by profound unrest. I doubt if there ever was a time when in general the minds of Englishmen were so agitated as they were in the few years preceding the war. Rest for our souls was hardly to be found anywhere. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, we were all at sixes and sevens, fighting one another in the name of our ideals, or striving to rouse the lethargic masses who cared not a button for any of our idealism; and often, it must be confessed, we were in a state of chronic irritation; and to make matters worse, a school of writers had arisen, represented by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who made it their business to irritate and, incidentally, to confuse us still further.

I believe that twelve months of war have brought to England a peace of mind such as she has not possessed for generations. This statement, I should like to say, is not an experiment in paradox, but a

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sober statement of a psychological fact. It is, to some extent, a personal confession; but one which I should not dare to make were there not abundant evidence of its being a common state of mind. In spite of all we have suffered and have still to suffer: the loss of our friends and kinsmen; the awful anxieties for those at the front; the knowledge of the immense miseries of the nations at war; the grave uncertainties of the future—in spite of this, and all else in the catalogue of evils, I am convinced that the mind of England is much calmer than it was twelve months ago. To judge by my own observation, I would say further that the calmest people are precisely those who have suffered, or stand to suffer, most; or else they are the people, of whom the soldiers at the front are the chief, who are making the greatest exertions and facing the greatest sacrifices in the common cause. That element of "poise" in life, which Matthew Arnold valued so highly, has become an actual possession of millions in whom twelve months ago it was utterly lacking. One feels its presence—or perhaps only the beginning of its presence—in the social atmosphere, and in the faces and voices of men and women. It is preëminently the soldiers' contribution to the new and better *ethos* of our time. "This life just *satisfies* me," wrote a young officer from the front. "Up to the time I came out here I never quite felt that I was doing my proper job. But I feel it now."

The feeling expressed in this officer's letter is spreading and deepening all over the country. It seems a strange phenomenon, one we could hardly have predicted in advance of its actual appearance, and to those who hear of it from afar perhaps incredible. And yet it is nothing more or less than the peace of mind which comes to every man who, after tossing about among uncertainties and trying his hand at this and that, finds at last a mission, a cause to which he can devote himself body and soul. At last he has something to live for; and though the living may be hard and costly he makes no complaint; all that is well repaid by the harmony which comes from the unitary aim of his life. It is so with nations. Take, for example, the colossal expenditure of the nation's wealth. That we are spending well over a thousand millions per annum in financing the war is enough to appal anybody. But it does not appal us, for we know and approve the object of the expenditure, which is the defence of the liberties of our race. Is there anything better on which national wealth could be spent? Surely there is more ground for anxiety in the thought which forces itself upon us in time of peace that all this wealth we are accumulating in ever greater quantities has an unknown destination; that a thousand dangerous uses await it in the prevailing moral chaos. Better that the nation grow poor for a cause we can honor, than grow rich for an end that is unknown. Who can regard without deep misgiving the process of accumulating wealth unaccompanied by a corresponding growth of knowledge as to the uses to which wealth must be applied? This is what we see in normal times, and the spectacle is profoundly disturbing. Far less disturbing at all events is that process of spending the wealth which we have now to witness. Certainly it does not alarm us to the extent one would have thought probable before the event. England spending her money, and knowing for what she spends it, has more peace of mind than England making her money, but in grave doubt and uncertainty as to the social and individual uses to which it will be put. I believe that England, at a time when she is spending three millions a day on the war, is not nearly so anxious about her wealth as she is in times of peace.

It is a literal fact that millions of men and women who twelve months ago were "at a loose end" and living aimless lives have now discovered that they have a mission. The effect of this discovery is greatest, of course, upon the individuals who have made it; cases are known to the present writer which might be described as veritable conversions. But the whole temper of society is affected by the presence in its midst of so many people to whom a vocation has come at last and the change is in the direction of mental steadiness and equilibrium. To that extent it may be claimed that we are happier than we were. It would be a serious mistake in any event to suppose we are all sadder than we were before the war. I have seen several articles by American writers describing London as "gloomy," "overshadowed," "depressed." This I confess appears to me mere superficial observation. No doubt the streets are less brilliant, the hotels less crowded, the noise less obtrusive. But the individual is not more gloomy. He is brighter, more cheerful. He worries less about himself. He is a trifle more unselfish and correspondingly more agreeable as a companion or a neighbor. There is more repose in social intercourse than there was: indeed I venture to think that an American visitor might find that our manners were somewhat improved. The tone and substance of conversation are better. The type of person who is bored with himself and with the world is less frequently met with. People are glad to see one another, and eager to hear each other's thoughts. There is more health in our souls, and perhaps more in our bodies. "For years I was the victim of insomnia. But since the war I have slept remarkably well." This remark was made the other day by a person wholly unaware of its significance.

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This feeling of being banded together, which comes over a great population in its hour of trial, is a wonderful thing. It produces a kind of exhilaration which goes far to offset the severity of the trial. The spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness, is in the air. It is comparatively easy to love one's neighbor when we realize that he and we are common servants and common sufferers in the same cause. A deep breath of that spirit has passed into the life of England. No doubt the same thing has happened elsewhere.

L. P. JACKS,
Principal, Manchester College, Oxford.

Comment by Graham Wallas

[NOTE: Dr. Jacks' article is a vivid description of a state of mind which certainly exists in England, though I myself doubt whether it is so general or so continuous as he indicates. The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee have put the same point more tersely, in their poster of a soldier's smiling face with the inscription, "He's happy and satisfied; are you?" Most, perhaps, of those English men and women who are fighting, or nursing, or making munitions, or who, though they are doing none of these things, have concentrated their whole will and consciousness on the single purpose of a national victory, have for most of their time attained "rest for their souls." The young officer whom Dr. Jacks quotes is typical, in that, like the soldier on the poster, he says he is satisfied, using the word in exactly the same sense as Aristotle when he says that pleasure consists in the "satisfaction" or "filling up" of a physiological need. But in the present case the mere satisfaction of the physiological need for active and directed exertion is often accompanied, as Dr. Jacks points out, by a unified and harmonious satisfaction of certain intellectual and moral needs. Twelve months of war have, as he says, brought to a large number of English people a "peace of mind such as they have not possessed for generations"; though if he could visit every house in a working-class street, and penetrate to the inarticulate feelings of each of its inhabitants, he might find that that number was not sufficiently large to be called "England."

Dr. Jacks ends his article with the words, "No doubt the same thing has happened elsewhere." Now I have lately talked with several Americans who have been travelling in Germany, have read a certain number of German papers, and have seen a few letters from a German political friend which escaped the censor. From that scanty evidence I gather that the state of mind which Dr. Jacks describes is rather more general and more continuous in Germany than in England. Among the French and Belgian non-combatants whom I know it seems to be a good deal less general.

But this condition of "peacefulness," whether one accepts Dr. Jacks' estimate of its prevalence or my own, exists, and its existence raises two interesting questions. Is that condition so supreme a human good that it makes war the best form of international relationship? Or, even if war is an evil, ought each of us to strive during war to attain that condition? The first question is, I think, easily answered. A state of consciousness must be judged not only by its momentary quality, but by its continuance, and the "peacefulness of being at war" is doomed by the nature of things to be transitory. If the world-war were to last in its present intensity for a whole generation, it would become a conflict of famished women and children fighting each other with their teeth and nails. It seems therefore reasonably certain that, if only for the lack of men and materials, this war must in a comparatively few years come to some sort of an end. The nations will then find that a large proportion of their best and bravest men are dead, while the degenerate or diseased are alive; that the slow development of the material conditions of a good life for the working classes has been checked; and that West European democracy is endangered, because military discipline in the presence of a group of exasperated enemies has become the supreme national need. Under such conditions it is impossible to hope that after the war our present degree of peace of mind, our harmony of purpose, our "spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness," will continue. We shall return to the "moral chaos," which Dr. Jacks describes as existing in England before the war. Our "idealisms" will again be "at war with each other" and we shall often be "inwardly divided against ourselves." We shall have, in fact, to begin again the "mental fight" of which Blake spoke, and to undertake again the weary and controversial task of building up a civilization in which some measure of harmonious satisfaction for the human spirit can be found in time of peace.

The question whether combatants and non-combatants ought during the existence of war to surrender themselves to that peace of mind which Dr. Jacks describes is much more difficult. To the soldier in the trenches it is not only an anodyne which few will grudge him, but probably an important source of military efficiency. Non-combatants, however, like Dr. Jacks and myself, who are in the habit of observing our own states of mind, and can therefore to some extent control them, have to come to a deliberate choice. If I too am to make a personal confession, I may say that I believe that the war was mainly the result of German and Austrian aggression, that I intensely desire victory for the Allies, and that a decisive victory for the German governing caste in the present temper would be, in my view, a disaster to all that I most value in civilization. I also recognize that an absolute surrender of consciousness to the single purpose of victory even by non-combatants has a certain military value. But although my choice means that I sleep not better but worse in time of war than in time of peace, I cannot myself make, or desire to make, that surrender, because to do so would be to abandon as far as I am concerned any attempt to control by reasoned thought the policy of my nation. I should choose the unrest of thought because I desire that the war should come to an end the instant its continuance ceases to be the less of two monstrous evils and because I believe that our national policy should even during the fighting be guided not only by the will to conquer but also by the will to make possible a lasting peace.

For the young men who fight, it may be best to abandon the effort of thought, though that fact constitutes not the least of the evils of war; but those who are too old to fight owe to their nation the duty of calculating all the consequences of national policy, however painful and uncertain the process of calculation may be. It is that which Bismarck meant when he insisted on the supreme importance of controlling, even during a war, military action by political thought. Now that whole nations with their parliaments, and churches, and universities, and industries, are "mobilized," and the intellectual life of Europe is put under military censorship, such a control is less easy than

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in 1870 but not less vitally important, and it can only be attained if politicians prefer the struggle for truth to the peacefulness of self-surrender.

As things are, an article in an American journal is the shortest and easiest way by which an Englishman can communicate with his German friends. I know that there are men in Germany who are in like case with myself. They are in a minority, but as the war goes on, and even more when the war shows signs of coming to an end, their number will increase. Should any one of them read this, I send him greeting, and assure him of my conviction that if ever that imperfect community of nations is to be reconstituted, of which England and Germany once formed part, there will be work for those who during the war have denied themselves the luxury of mental peace.

GRAHAM WALLAS.]

A COMMUNICATION

A Slump in Morality

SIR: It is a natural consequence of the position in which the American people stand in regard to the war, that confusion should exist as to the moral principles involved. The past traditions of the nation are of little use in determining present policies. A new road must be opened and new safeguards devised. In such a situation there is much to hope and more to fear. The hope is in the creation of new standards; the fear is that in our haste, degrading standards may be revived.

Such a tendency seems to lurk in the proposals made by Mr. Angell in THE NEW REPUBLIC. We know what the moral code of the warrior is. Evolution for many dozen centuries has been towards a man who fights openly, and accepts defeat like a gentleman. "Fight honestly and quit when you are licked" is a good summary of the world's advance. On this basis, if we have a difference with Germany, we should give her a good trouncing or get one ourselves. In either case accept the results honestly, shake hands, and be friends once more.

There is, however, a higher morality which demands that we bear with our neighbor when he is peevish, cross or excited, by accepting honorable terms of compromise that will tide over present difficulties. When times are normal, invite him to supper and clear up the situation. According to the warrior's code the strong wins and the weak succumbs. According to the higher code the superior permits the weaker for the moment to have his way. When Christ said if a man takes your coat, give him your cloak also, he did not imply that he was the weaker, but that the temporary yielding was the true way to stop aggression. We must get on terms with the aggressor and understand his weakness before it can be cured. It is a low type of man who demands instantaneous satisfaction at any price or resorts to bluffing to gain his ends.

It is not because we are afraid of Germany that we should yield, but because this yielding will, in the long run, enable us to assert our rights. It is a bad principle that goes to pieces because of an exception. We want certain rules, not because they are of advantage to us, but because they are of advantage to all, Germany included. There is no legitimate principle that her interests will not demand as well as our own.

Mr. Angell does not see this. To him the German is an outlaw. If he accepted the warrior's morality, he would, in an open fight, let it be decided who was the victor. But this does not suit Mr. Angell. His proposal is that we avoid open conflict, but injure the German in every way we can when his attention is directed toward other foes. The moral sense of the community has described such warfare by names that I shall not repeat. The essential point is that this kind of warfare is not new but a reversion to the practices of primitive races and of nations lacking moral fibre.

A clear way of putting these differences is to say that morality has gone through three stages—tribal morality, the warrior's morality, and the higher or Christian morality. Tribal morality divides the world into the good and the bad, the Jew and Gentile, the Greek and the barbarian. All action is good that aids the tribe and injures the foe. The evolution from this to the open fighting of modern nations is a striking advance over the cunning of the tribesman. Above this comes the standard set by Christ, of temporary yielding to gain the good will of the aggressor and to understand his mental processes. The Bryan treaties calling for six months' interval before aggressive action is a step in this direction. Whatever moves we make in this direction are upward, but the tribal attitude which is now appearing both in religion and morality is a backward step, even if taken in behalf of a good cause. To yield and wait for the tide to turn brings international unity. We did not lose in our Civil War because we sent to England no ultimatum about the Alabama claims. By keeping cool we established our position more firmly than a successful war would have done.

In a like manner we should show our superiority by accepting the German proposals and making a final settlement when normal conditions are restored. We cannot lose if our cause is right. But if the American people refuse to accept the higher law, they should at least maintain the warrior's standard. If we fight for principles that are wrong, we can repent when we find it out. The experiments of an honest man may be costly, but they are effective.

Too many overlook the fact that sometimes the evil results of the present war will be apparent. Then the conscience of the American people will begin to work, and they will feel responsibility for the results. With this will come a day of repentance. In the meantime we should do what we do openly, even if it leads to bad results. War is not the only nor even the greater evil. Hypocrisy, cunning and deceit are always with us; war only at intervals. Social progress is wrecked by one; the other stimulates even if it exhausts. And then repentance is good for the soul. It will be an excellent tonic to see our fierce patriots on the mourners' bench. May Mr. Angell be there with the rest.

S. N. PATTEN.

East Alstead, N. H.

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CORRESPONDENCE

As to an Embargo on Arms

SIR: In your issue of August 14th you invite the American public to ponder a problem in morals laid before it by Professor Kuno Francke:

"If the continued sale of arms to one of the belligerents from an officially neutral country should finally come to be one of the decisive factors in the issue of this war, would that be an issue to which the United States would have reason to point with pride as a victory of international morality?" May I venture to point out that there is implicit in this question a dangerous confusion of ideas; that in it two distinct issues have been obscurely merged into one; and that when a logically prior question is asked, the answer to Mr. Francke's question will, for most Americans, become extremely easy?

The prior question is this: Should our government, as a government, adhere to the legal position of a neutral in this war, and to the requirements clearly imposed by that position; or should it, on the ground that superior moral interests are at stake, depart from that position and use its official power in such a way as to affect the issue of the war? We can adopt one alternative or the other; but upon neither alternative can the practical conclusion be such as Mr. Francke evidently would wish us to draw.

1. If we are to remain neutral, our obligations are plain. Neutrality is an attitude of a government, not of private citizens. In its essence it requires that a government shall not, as such, use its authority to promote the military advantage of one belligerent rather than another, except in so far as this consequence may accidently result from the defense of the recognized rights of neutrals or from the fulfillment of duties imposed by international law. If our government should forbid the export of arms in conformity with the wish of one of the present belligerent groups, but in disregard of the protests of the other, it would be committing a positive act of intervention in behalf of the former group. In the case supposed by Mr. Francke, it would, in fact, be decreeing the victory of that group. It is true that if the government does not take this action, the result will be advantageous to the contrary party. But that result will not be due to any exertion of governmental power; it will be due to causes over which our government, in so far as it remains neutral, can properly have no control. Those causes are simply (a) the ordinary movement of trade, under regulations sanctioned by international law and established equally for both belligerents, without protest from either at the beginning of the war; and (b) the fact that since the beginning of the war one of the belligerents has secured a superiority at sea which enables it to take greater advantage than can its enemy of these antecedently established conditions.

In truth, it tempts one to despair of the human intellect to find that there are persons, not of German citizenship, who hold it to be required by neutrality, not that a government shall, during the continuance of a war, give equal and unchanging legal rights to both of the contending parties, but rather that when one of the belligerents through military successes is enabled to make the greater use of the rights originally granted to both, "neutral" governments shall take such rights away from it—thereby assuring the victory of the other side!

2. This, however, it may be said, is a mere formal, legalistic, abstract way of dealing with a great moral issue. So be it! The opponents of an embargo can but welcome the change of venue from law to ethics; only, if we are to deal with the matter upon moral grounds, it is essential that the whole moral issue be faced, not merely a carefully selected fraction of it. The demand for the prohibition of the export of arms may conceivably be based upon two ostensibly ethical reasons: (1) general humanitarian considerations; (2) the contention that the victory of the group of nations which would benefit by an embargo is morally more to be desired than a victory of their adversaries. Neither of these reasons will bear examination.

Ordinary feelings of humanity must lead everyone to wish that bloodshed be avoided. But it is rather a feeling of Germanity than of humanity as such, which can lead anyone to prefer that, where bloodshed is certain, it should be rather English or French or Belgian or Italian or Russian blood that is spilt, than German or Austrian or Turkish. And the only certainly predictable result of an embargo would be to shift the incidence of suffering, not to diminish suffering. It amazingly seems needful to remind people that, when a war is going on, a gun has two uses. True, every rifle we ship to Liverpool may cause the death of many brave German soldiers; but every rifle we withhold from shipment may just as truly be the cause of the death of many brave British soldiers. Humanity, as little as neutrality, can afford any motive for preferring the one evil to the other.

It is true that if the cessation of the American exportation of arms were certain to shorten the war, an abstract and short-sighted humanitarianism might find in that result a reason for favoring the proposed embargo. But no one is in a position to say that such a consequence would be certain or even highly probable. An argument as plausible—except for those who dogmatically make an eventual smashing German victory the postulate of all their reasoning on the subject—might be offered for the conclusion that the effect would be to lengthen the war. And in any case, only the most radical of pacifists is likely to maintain that, when a war is once begun, the sole pertinent moral question is how to render it as brief as possible—regardless of the issues involved, and of the effect of the settlement upon the prospect of a lasting peace. If, in short, we are to give up neutrality and to endeavor to bring about "a victory of international morality," there is one primary question which faces us—and it is not Professor Francke's question. It is the question: By the victory of which of the belligerent groups would international morality, on the whole, be most served, and the cause of peace, of disarmament, of treaty-keeping, of the regulation of international relations by law instead of force, be most advanced?

For the great majority of Americans, it is not needful to argue that question; and for the great majority of Germans, it is apparently not useful to argue it. Yet I venture—since the fact seems, of late, frequently to escape attention—to recall that there is a country named Belgium; that we were nearly all of us, a year ago, in a fine frenzy of moral indignation over the wrong done by Germany to that country and its people, as well as to Germany's own honor; and that the consequences of a German victory would be to crown that crime with success, and probably either to destroy Belgium's independence, or to rob both her and France of their most valuable territory. I sometimes think that the moral indignation of Americans is more intense—and more evanescent

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—than that of any other people. Yet I cannot think that we have wholly forgotten, or shall soon forget, the events of August, 1914. And so long as we remember them, the cause of America—if we are to befriend any cause in Europe's quarrel—must be, above all, the cause of Belgium, and of those principles of law, of international good faith, and of the rights of little and peaceful nations, of which Belgium is the tragic symbol. Nor do I think we are so lacking in prevision of the future as to be unable to imagine what sort of a continent Europe would be under the domination of a twice-triumphant Germany.

The answer then, to Mr. Francke's question, is clear. There is one possible course of action open to our government in this crisis upon which we may be sure that future generations of Americans would never be able to look back without shame: namely, a departure from neutrality for the sake of ensuring the triumph of the violator of Belgium; of making the ideals of the Prussian militarist party more than ever the ruling force in the affairs of Germany itself; and of making a Germany so controlled the supreme power in Europe. And the short name for that couse of action is: the prohibition of the exportation of arms and ammunition.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, Md.

Imagined Drama

SIR: The amusing discussion of the playreader's scenic imagination in "Books and Things" of your issue of August 14th lends value to a thought which I had never before seriously considered. The idea of any settled policy for the imagination is too detestable; and those who think they have discovered such a policy among the marvels and mysteries of their mental processes, come soon to pay more attention to the policy than to the native imagination. The very thought is a pose. I presume anyone of ordinary powers could, in a certain grim determination, imagine the scenes for every play he read; but who with a spark of humor in his nature would undertake the absurd and cruel task?

But this is not to say that in reading plays, the free imagination does not present a picture here and there. The writer speaks of Hofmannsthal's "Elektra"; I have not read it. To me, these scenes stand out seldom, and I cannot determine the particular quality that causes them to live. It may be the element of poetic truth that strikes the chord; just as, broadly speaking, it is the element of dramatic truth that makes characters live. It may be that elusive, indefinable quality which we call "atmosphere." It may be almost anything. I only know that now and then, often quite unexpectedly, a scene in a play —never a whole play; never that anathema—impresses me with a sense of actuality; it "rises before me"; and I am afraid—the thought distinctly amuses me, with the writer's acquaintance in mind—that I see the actors, the setting, and how, at any rate, it ought to be.

Not with plays in the modern method, however, with Ibsen, Strindberg, Tchekov, Brieux, Shaw. These appeal to the head rather than to the heart; they demand so much of the head, they harp so loud and insistently upon the intellectual strings, that any dreams which happen by, clap their hands to their ears and run for their little lives. I like to read these works, I enjoy their fine technique, I am interested in their problems; but, in the book, I cannot make them live as plays. The people in an Ibsen play seem all alike to me; they have their different veins of speech, to be sure, but it's much as if the author were impersonating each in turn; and nothing gives me a greater or more pleasurable surprise than to see one of these plays on the boards, to realize that it is indeed a play, to discover that the characters actually are separate personalities. It is the same with Shaw. Colorless people on the page become very vivid and very human in the theatre; inane remarks and unreal situations seem natural and real enough when living figures and voices are involved. I do not understand how this is done. Is the life with which we are familiar actually so colorless, is what we consider real an imaginative unreality, and do we demand romance on every printed page?

Yes, it must be the romantic plays, the unreal plays, the plays that could never have happened, which live most clearly in the imagination. These answer the instincts of the finest art, springing in dreams from the heart of an unattainable perfection. Romantic tragedy—for it must always be tragedy. Or rather, I sometimes feel that true romance itself always is tragedy. It has a Grecian air, the note of fate; it sings the woe that lurks in high designs. There is a one-act play by Yeats, "On Balie's Strand", which stands in the foreground of all my imaginative impressions. I remember when I came upon it, as a boy, one gloomy day in the Boston Public Library; I took it off upstairs to a quiet place—a place such as you will not find in many libraries—and there in the shadow of an early-falling winter dusk, read it aloud in whispers to myself. A blind man and an idiot are talking in the great hall of the King, before the chieftains come in. They are planning to steal a chicken from the oven. The blind man is shrewd, and keen for news. A stranger, a noble youth, has arrived from a far country. The blind man remembers that the King once travelled to that country, in his youth. They say that he loved a woman there—sure, and he has never loved one here. They say that she was the Queen of that country, a proud, haughty woman. Then the chieftains fill the hall; the King takes his high seat. The young stranger appears. He is the King's son, but neither of them knows. They quarrel, and the King slays his own son. Then he knows. On the beach outside, he goes mad, and attacks the sea. The chieftains have left the hall; the blind man and the idiot run to the door. The blind man demands news of what is going on. The King is cutting off the heads of the waves with his sword. He is swinging his great sword, so that no one can come near. A confused shouting rises from the beach. The blind man cries: "What are they doing now?" The idiot answers: "The King has gone." They turn away and sneak up the empty hall, to steal the chicken before the chieftains come. . . . This is the gist of the action. I cannot recall the details; I cannot by any chance convey the strong, sure art of the lines; but something there is running through the piece that catches up the heart and swings it breathless above the world. A great wind blows through that hall, where the benches are overturned in the sudden passion that rose there—a wind of wild romance; and the mind's eye, held as if by some enchantment, constructs the simple, tragic picture; for to read the lines is to behold the scene. Even the scene on the beach, out of the play and off the stage, which comes to the reader only on the lips of the idiot standing at the door of the empty hall, presents a more vivid impression of reality than many an Ibsen drawing room. This is the power of the imagination and of words.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Searsport, Me.

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After the Play

WHAT is the tone in which to speak rightly of such a play as "The Road to William Hodge," alias "The Road to Happiness," at the Shubert Theatre? Go to tradition, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be safe. Repeat slowly, as often as may be necessary: "There are certain plays in the presence of which criticism is disarmed." The sentence is still rich in meanings. It still implies, for example, that if you expect from the playwright concerned that which he has demonstrated, soon after the curtain has gone up, his determination not to let you have, you will be rather an ass. Being nothing of the sort, you do not expect from the author of "The Road to Happiness," the scene of which is laid in the country, any observation of country life. The disarmed critic, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, is grateful for what he gets—namely, two pieces of observation. No. 1, observation of the method in which putty is applied, where window pane joins window frame, by a flexible knife. No. 2, observation of Mr. William Hodge in parts he has played with success. Never, I am sure, did the author try to observe anything except a stage, with Mr. Hodge on it, regnant, dominant, parlant. Observation led him to generalize about Mr. Hodge, and this was the result: "For he was more than usual cam." Such was the seed which grew into the play which criticism, disarmed, does not attack with any weapons whatsoever, neither rapier, sandbag nor nightstick.

"There are certain plays in the presence of which criticism is disarmed." And there are certain plays in the presence of which it is not enough to disarm criticism. You must do more, much more, if peace be your aim. You must take from criticism nails, teeth and fists. Then lead it to the Shubert, blindfold if you must, and see what happens to it there, when it can neither make enemies by practising the gentlest, nor defend itself by practising the manliest, of the arts. With criticism weaponless, gagged and bound, it is possible to describe "The Road to Happiness" inoffensively. It is a play in which Jim Whitman—Mr. William Hodge—gives to innocence wrongfully accused a year-long refuge in his mother's house; is the victim of much uninventive and unsuccessful persecution; remains calm; makes many slow, delayed, damaging retorts upon his enemies; does little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love; remains calm; makes slow, delayed retorts. Once and once only does Jim Whitman betray the fact that he has fire in his belly. His mother is insulted by the little tyrant of his fields. Jim is on the point of leaping upon the miscreant, and giving him a terrible beating, when a restraining hand, Jim's mother's, is laid upon his arm, and Jim, by prodigious effort, achieves control of passions so strong that only a very strong actor could control them. Mr. Hodge was not at his best at this moment, which I should have called the supreme moment if it hadn't arrived in the second of four acts. Everywhere else he is at his best, droll and imperturbable in voice and face. Rather a pity, isn't it, that an actor with such an amusing personality hasn't instigated a better play?

In spite of my will not to find fault with "The Road to Happiness," you think I have found nothing else? If so, it was against my will. Mr. Hodge is one of the "persons to whom I wish well, and wish I were able to wish them better." I should have enjoyed seeing him even in this play if his lines had been better. I should have forgiven the author the obviousness of his desire to fatten Mr. Hodge's lines if this desire had been gratified. But the general impression I get is that the fat kine in Mr. Hodge's herd of speeches have been devoured by the lean kine. Nevertheless, I hope the play will not fail. A long run for it would confirm me in Mr. F. M. Colby's opinion that a public which cannot be beaten for unexactingness and unsophistication exists in New York. Such an opinion leads to the conviction that we are at heart a united people, as southern newspapers say whenever a lynching occurs in the North. Yet New York has, people tell us, an innocent sophistication quite its own. It contains a public whose taste for "impropriety" is more nearly catholic than that of any public in any other American city. Though its newspaper readers resemble newspaper readers elsewhere in liking a flamboyant divorce case, New York is held to be the least hostile of our cities to adultery on the stage. Even if this be true, New York's attitude is still very different from that of Paris, as formulated by M. Françis Chevassu, and quoted by Maurice Donnay, in his only preface: "L'adultère n'est-il pas, au theâtre et à la ville, ce qui nous divise le moins?"

And as different from Emile Augier's. He took adultery very seriously, and tried to check its spread by writing demonstrative plays. I choose Augier for purposes of transition, because I learn from "The Drama," to which Mr. Barrett H. Clark contributes a translation of "Le Mariage d'Olympe," that three more plays by Augier are to be published in English. Such an undertaking is so much worth while that I hope Mr. Clark, before his volume appears, will get some friend who knows French better than he to go over his manuscript. His version of "Le Mariage d'Olympe" contains a good many mere mistakes. *Poltronne* doesn't mean "stupid," and "captains of industry" hasn't yet become the same thing as *chevaliers d'industrie*—not even in the mind of Mr. Frank Walsh. And perhaps, although I am not sure of this, it would be as well not to republish as a preface the letter which M. Brieux has written about Augier. "It is above all a timely book," M. Brieux says, "introducing as it does the work of Emile Augier to the American public at the moment when the taste of that public is directed precisely toward that form of dramatic art which is exemplified by the author of "Le Gendre de M. Poirier." Of which play M. Brieux speaks more particularly: "In short, here we are able to observe commonsense, sentiment and French good-humor finally at swords'-points with traditional pride and all its concomitant sophistry, achieving a triumph; a triumph, however, over what is conventional and superficial in this ancient pride, for it respects and honors the prestige and greatness of the past, and even admits the charm of aristocratic idiosyncrasies."

Admirably just, to be sure, yet what American who isn't a routine optimist can read this lucid description of a comedy without wondering whether comedy is not after all the thing of which our dramatic art is most forgetful, the thing our taste is most precisely directed away from? I rejoice over the publication of Augier in English precisely because it is not timely, because it may call some sinners to repentance, provoke them to mend their ways, to study Augier's stout and rather brown-papery talent, to deal as soberly with our American material as Augier dealt with his, to catch his tone of good sense, to learn from him how possible it is for even a "well-made" play to be in part a study from life, and for comedy to be serious.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

IT would be a mistake to read "The Pentecost of Calamity," by Owen Wister (the Macmillan Company, fifty cents), in the hope of finding fresh information or fresh aids to thought. Mr. Wister's aim is to give you, first, his feeling about Germany as he saw her at peace, then his feeling about Germany at war, and finally his feeling about our own country, about the part we are now playing and the part we ought to play. He wants to establish you in one mood, to lead you out of it and into a second, to leave you in a third. Mr. Wister's moods are very clear, and, therefore, clearness of mood being one of the tokens by which we recognize an artist, "The Pentecost of Calamity" is an artistic book.

Suppose we begin with the first mood, and take a look at the literary problem Mr. Wister had to deal with. He needed a picture of good Germany, Germany before the war. Should he make his picture out of statistics and treatises, should he digest documents, sum up and generalize? Or should he go back into childhood, and let us, travelling with him down the years to the present, see the first childish sketch of good Germany grow and change from Grimm to Goethe, see the land gain in extent and content, see it become that home of toy-makers, professors, musicians and officers which it probably was, for a good many of us, before the war? Mr. Wister has chosen another way. Putting himself in Germany, he sets down what he saw and heard: "Ten or twelve of us were, at the several hotels, acquaintances at home; every one of us had been struck with the contentment in the German face. Contentment! Among the old and young of both sexes this was the dominating note, the great essential possession. The question arose: What is the best sign that a government is doing well by its people—is agreeing with its people, so to speak? . . . Could any sign be surer than the general expression, the composite face of the people themselves?"

By this time observant readers have accused me of stating Mr. Wister's literary problem too simply. If his picture of good Germany were to do to us exactly what he wanted it to do, the goodness could not be flawless. Here and there a sinister, forward-pointing touch was needed, something to make us uneasy. Mr. Wister has put in these touches. While looking at a Germany contented, which loves order and labor, which doesn't forget the children, which organizes even the children's amusements, he came suddenly upon this: "A single little sharp discord vibrated through all this harmony one day when I learned that in the Empire more children committed suicide than in any other country." In strict chronology this touch may for all I know be wrongly placed, but even if Mr. Wister did know this fact about child-suicide before he got to Germany, or learned it as soon as he arrived, I should not think of quarreling with him for introducing it at the right later moment he has chosen. So much depends upon proper timing in literary art. O the little sooner and how flat it sounds, and the little later, and how much it means! Mr. Wister needed, too, a touch that would send our minds to Prussia, and here it is: "In these German trains another little discord jarred with some regularity: the German passengers they brought from Berlin, or were taking back to Berlin, were of a heavy impenetrable rudeness—quite another breed from the kindly Hessians of Frankfurt." Even to the good Germans in good Germany there are some prizes which Mr. Wister will not give: "Now I should never choose these admirable [railway] conductors as companions. . . ."

Yes, clearness of mood is one of the tokens we know an artist by. So is contagiousness of mood. I wonder whether I know why I didn't catch Mr. Wister's moods. Perhaps it is because he inclines to accept as normal certain feelings which to some of us appear excessive. "But from the burning Cathedral of Rheims," he writes, "they were dragging the wounded German prisoners lying helpless on straw that had begun to burn. In front of the church the French mob was about to shoot or tear to pieces those crippled, defenseless enemies. You and I might well want to kill our enemy who had set fire to Mount Vernon, the house of the Father of our Country." Is such a feeling quite such a matter of course? I don't believe I should be tempted to kill a wounded man because another man belonging to the same nation had set Mount Vernon on fire. Such an idea wouldn't somehow occur to me. As for Mr. Wister, I'm sure he would be one of the first inside the burning building, bent on getting the wounded out. And this isn't all I am sure of. "One minute more," suppose we say, adapting what Mr. Wister has written of Rheims to the American scene he has called up, "one minute more and those enemies lying or crawling outside Mount Vernon would have been destroyed by the furious people. But above the crash of rafters and glass, the fall of clocks, the thunder of bombarding cannon, and the cries of American execration, rose one man's voice." I am sure that mob-restraining voice would have been Mr. Wister's. Being sure of these things, I wonder whether what he says about Mount Vernon isn't a little unreal?

But unreality is a word that you can't often apply to Mr. Wister. Although something in his manner does prevent my partaking of his emotions, I recognize their depth and genuineness. His manner had to be high if it was to harmonize with such a title as "The Pentecost of Calamity." His manner had to be a little chivalrous, as in this sentence: "Thus wrote this young French officer to the lady of his heart." And a little apocalyptic, as in this passage: "There you have it. A cultivated student, a noble nature, a character of promise, Prussianized, with millions like him, into a gibbering maniac, and flung into a caldron of blood!" I suppose it had to be a style in which it's all right to talk of perfumes and odors, and would never do to talk about smells. You pay rather too much for nobleness and chivalry, however, if the style in which you achieve them defeats you by calling attention to itself, if it photographs you at your desk, a very perfect gentleman, somewhat inspired, trying to write without taking your hand off the hilt of your sword.

A perfect reflection of the war, in a mind from which no secrets are hid, to which space and time give no laws, and which mirrors exhaustively everything, would be too nearly a replica of reality to be reducible by the mind of man. If the Almighty should choose to let us know how the war strikes him, we shall probably find our darkness lightened not so much by his information as by his belief. Waiting meanwhile, who knows how long, for the occurrence of a wholly inspired writer, we have to get on as best we may with the reflection of the war in our own minds and in other finite mirrors. Mr. Wister is no cheval-glass, a hand-glass rather, but what there is of him is clear.

P. L.

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Transfigured New England

Vain Oblations; The Great Tradition. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each $1.35 net.

"CONFOUNDEDLY clever," said he, tossing the July *Scribner's* to the ground. His voice sounded both piqued and speculative.

"'Clever' is a *cliché.*" I commented, "as self-evident as 'feminine' or 'epigrammatic,' when applied to 'Miss Marriott and the Faun,' or any other of Mrs. Gerould's short stories. *Et après?* Can't we quarrel about the writer this pleasant summer afternoon?"

"By all means," said he, settling his back lazily against the trunk of the apple-tree, below the garden bench. "It's the snake-in-the-grass feeling she gives you that fascinates me. You never know where you're going to find her."

"There I disagree," I said. "I have a sense of a common thread running through her stories that would tie them all together, if one could only catch the end. I'm certain she even has a formula—oh, I don't mean a quack prescription to fit the magazine—"

"I should hope not," he interrupted warmly. "If our public and our publishers were really as far gone in sweet sentimentalism, and as blind to fine technique as the authorities have solemnly told us lately, this New England Marco Polo we've been following would never have been allowed to take a faun and a Puritan maiden into the burning desert in print. Why, sex conflicts of a subtle order are the whole thing with Mrs. Gerould. And talk about 'good endings'—I can't recall one."

"Ah," said I, "there's the end of the elusive thread. Irony always puts you in a hole, and her irony, being that of the New Englander *revoltée,* takes a specially grim and Calvinistic pleasure in digging the holes deep, and lighting them with psychologic hell-fire."

"I see the diabolic gleam fast enough. But how do you make her out a New Englander in revolt?"

"By her taste for the Antipodes, for one thing. If we do rise up against the moral hair-splitting, the euphemisms and the prejudices of what she loves to call our extraordinary villages, our imaginations have to find a second home, you know. Hers has obviously been caught, like her Miss Marriott's, by the lurid and fatalistic tropics. Scarcely a background of that first collected volume that isn't tropical; scarcely a crisis that isn't—"

"Exotic?" he proposed.

"You were afraid of my saying morbid. Put it, remote from the normal human experience of our continent, even when the scene happens to be there."

"Well, that's just where Mrs. Gerould's teasing sort of punch comes in, isn't it? What gets me in the African stuff," he went on, "is the way she has understood the brutal physical traps that lie in wait for civilized people in such climates. It's all so surreptitious, yet so violent. For atmosphere, 'Vain Oblations' puts it over on Conrad himself. You remember the horrible sunset scene when Mary Bradford, the missionary's daughter, captured and possessed by an African chief, is almost rescued by her faithful lover?—a poor fool who fails to see through her savage disguise, and her noble grovelling."

"*Almost* rescued—exactly! Mrs. Gerould's lovers are always cheated by fate. You're right that many of her stories, especially in the first volume, have a latent physical crux, but——"

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"Then your formula hinges on the relation between men and women?" he interrupted.

"Rather, I should guess, on the way the relation invariably doesn't come off, as with Miss Marriott's pair, or comes off wrong. Take 'The Tortoise,' the story of a nice young man who romantically but platonically espouses a girl to help her search for her fiancé's bones——"

"But," he cried triumphantly, "wasn't it simply Africa that betrayed them into intimacy, and then confronted them with the fiancé in the flesh?"

"Not so much Africa, I fancy, as Mrs. Gerould's own passionate need for frustrating people who are swayed by emotion. Africa looks so deep and dark it makes the frustration plausible, that's all."

"Now see here—you yourself ascribed her feeling for the tropics to a reaction from New England inhibitions."

"I know, and she pretends that issues are forced there, that free-will is destroyed. It really isn't—in her tropics. That is precisely the interesting point. 'Victims of circumstances' though they be, and the 'sport of incalculable forces,' Mrs. Gerould's characters must still, poor things, even in Africa, make their choice between 'incompatible goods.' The New England curse of the moral impasse pursues them. And when, in her new volume, she returns to America, what torturing cases of conscience she does inflict on them."

"Don't let's return to America," he begged. "I'm not half so keen on 'The Great Tradition.'"

"Really? It's ever so much more human and convincing," I protested, "and broadens my formula also. The relation is no longer between man and woman in isolation,

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but chiefly between parents and children. The great American problem!"

"Porridge and milk after caviare," he groaned. "After the primeval hate of 'The Wine of Violence,' the sordid, domestic realism of 'Wesendonck.'"

"Come, now! Love and marriage are far more subtle in America than in Africa. The 'double chicanes,' and moral *culs de sac* with which one is familiar hit one much harder than the case of a Mary Bradford, or a Rachel Upcher, or a Paramore. In spite of the suggestive twist Mrs. Gerould gives to the psychology of the two last named, Paramore remains a sort of Captain Cook of anthropology, and the lady of 'The Wine of Violence' is only as real as the late dismembered Mrs. Crippen. But we all know women like the heroine of 'The Bird in the Bush,' who have had to put a commonplace, ailing child before the career of a shining husband; like the one in 'The Great Tradition,' who have renounced the consoling romance of riper years for the sake of a foolish daughter. According to this writer—don't you see?—parents and children are no less thwarted than lovers. If it isn't the older generation that is sacrificed, it is the younger. You remember 'The Mango Seed' in her first book? The plot is practically the converse of 'The Bird in the Bush.' The new volume abounds in sacrificed children, too. For instance, 'Pearls,' 'The Miracle,' and that masterpiece of cynicism, 'The Dominant Strain,' where the high financier, having cast off his only son, is confronted by his grandson in one of his own endowed asylums."

"Do stop," he urged, "and come back to lovers. Anything more beautiful and idealistic than the relation of the two in 'Leda and the Swan' it would be hard to find. You've got to admit that whatever else her irony shatters—and marriage and parenthood perhaps don't escape—she believes in romantic love, thinks it worth its 'usury.'"

"But that's the New England of it again," I exclaimed. "Making one pay, up to the hilt, for every scrap of human happiness. The formula I seem to detect would naturally come to a believer in 'true love' who had known the weight of moralism and repression."

"Out with your old formula," he grumbled.

"Well, it consists in the assumption that emotion and intelligence are divorced, and that a creature who listens to his heart is certain to be checkmated. Life, as Mrs. Gerould sees it, both in Africa and America, is a series of dramas in which destiny interposes between a man and his desire, or between two people who follow their feelings. Fate is a will o'the wisp that always lands you in a bog. Deny, if you dare, that even the best of these stories have the sort of unreality, sterility, which comes from a foregone conclusion."

"I do, I do! You only think them artificial because they are told at second or third hand."

"No," I said, "for that's not generally true of the new volume. Besides, Conrad uses the indirect method. So does de Maupassant. And what a sense of sheer life they give one!"

"'Sheer life?'—but that's not every story-teller's business. Some fare forth zestfully, like the younger English novelists; others, like Mr. James, or Mrs. Gerould, sit by the fire and spin. I dare say the spinners never penetrate the real human reality of a given human being as the observers do, but they are the supreme romancers. Give Mrs. Gerould the tiniest wisp of thread, and her brilliant and sophisticated fancy will twirl and twine it into a magic skein."

"You feel the magic especially in Africa, you say. And you compared her to Conrad just now—obviously her tropics owe something to his. But in the first place they're 'literary': superlatively imagined and documented, rather than experienced. What is more, the picture and the plot don't blend, as his do. The crisis never emerges from the setting like a beast from the jungle, but keeps an alien, moralistic look against the palm-trees."

"Can't you see that half the piquancy is there?" he asked impatiently. "Why rebel against an author's temperament?"

"It *is* unfair," I agreed. "Since I've made you recognize the temperament, I won't insist on the formula. Her view is probably less deliberate than inevitable. She is warped at the start. She produces an effect of omniscience, seems to be looking down from heaven with an all-seeing eye, and the only thing she points out is a blank wall. Life is less bounded, more generous than that. It has blue stretches of sea, and white sails heading for port. If she doesn't discover them, it can't be her fault. Yet I wish a Frenchman with an instinct for the essential fact might rewrite these volumes. Half the frustrations would become accomplishments."

"Bother New England!" he exclaimed wrathfully, jumping up from the ground and standing before me. "Or bless it if it is really responsible for one of our most gifted authors."

"Don't look so threatening! Am I not a New Englander myself, bred to pathos and irony? Mrs. Gerould gives a tang of literature even to a monthly magazine."

"If you feel that, I call it too bad of you to analyze and formularize," he ended. "Be content, as I am, to see the world—grant me the *cliché*—through the eyes of a supremely clever woman."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

A Question of Race

The Negro, by W. E. Burghardt DuBois. New York: Henry Holt and Co., Home University Library. 50 cents net.

ONE who has absorbed with his mother's milk the doctrine that the negro will forever remain a hopelessly inferior type of man will read this book with indignant aversion. It is a condensed summary of negro achievement in the world's history, with the conclusion that the negro is just like any other man, capable of the same kind of development as any other race. The only point in which Dr. DuBois admits a difference between the negro and other races is to the advantage of the negro. "In its normal condition it [the negro race] is the strongest and the gentlest of the races of men." And this is a comforting fact if we accept the author's view that "the future world will, in all reasonable probability, be what colored men make it."

It is natural that Dr. DuBois should claim for the negro race the greatest possible geographical extension. Thus he treats Ancient Egypt as essentially a negro Empire. A large negro element is imputed to the early Assyrians; and the Hebrew, Syrian and Mediterranean peoples are asserted to have a considerable negro infusion. Some of these assumptions rest on quaking ground, no doubt; but there can hardly be a question as to the negroid character of the Egyptians. Accordingly, it must be conceded that the negro race made important contributions—perhaps the most important of all—to early civi-

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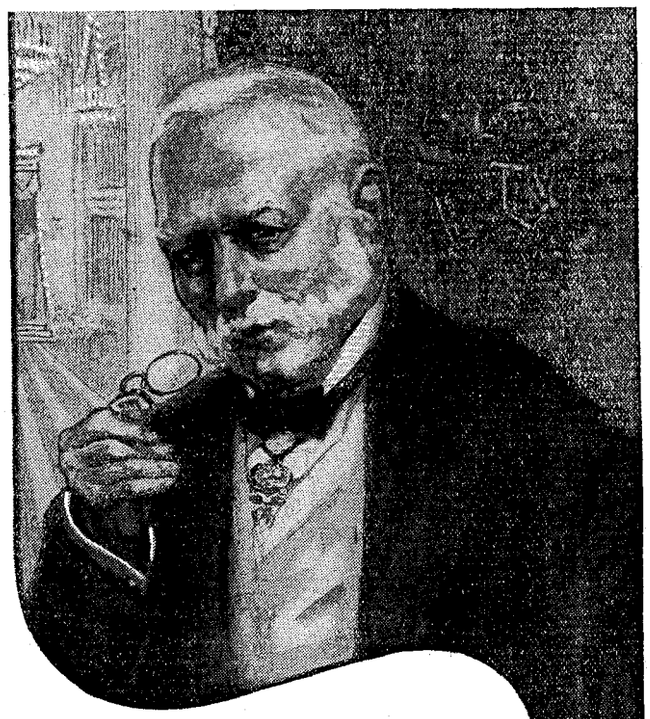
lization. It is somewhat surprising that Dr. DuBois does not call attention to the fact that the study of geometry, the chief basis of modern technology, came out of Egypt. Instead, he emphasizes the far less important fact that the smelting of iron was probably first practiced in Africa. There is no possibility of establishing a connection between the African iron technique and that of other ancient siderurgical centers, and thus making good the claim of Africa to this important element in modern civilization.

What the author has to tell of negro agriculture, handicrafts and trade indicates quite clearly that prior to the disorganization of society created by the early modern slave trade, the material culture of the negro was not markedly different from that of ancient and mediaeval Europe. And this fact offers important evidence of race quality. The progress from the primitive order of hunting and root-grubbing to a state of settled agriculture, highly developed crafts, and trade resting upon division of employments, presupposes a wide diffusion of ability in the general population. The further progress to a complicated mechanical technique, such as that of Western civilization, presupposes merely a political and social situation favorable to the utilization of the talents of extraordinary men.

The negro race has proved its capacity to produce extraordinary men. Dr. DuBois is one himself. There are very few of the convinced adherents of the doctrine of negro inferiority who can equal him in literary skill or breadth of scholarship. There are few white educators who can point to a record more brilliant than that of Booker Washington. The roll of distinguished men of negro blood given by the author is a long one—if possibly somewhat padded, as by the inclusion of Alexander Hamilton. But these men have attained to greatness under the shelter, not altogether benign, of the political institutions of the white race. And the ultimate negro problem is whether or not the negro is capable of creating analogous political institutions, or of adapting the institutions of other races to his own use.

Dr. DuBois offers no evidence that Africa has developed such institutions. She has developed mighty rulers like the Egyptian Pharaohs, or like Mohammed Abou Bekr, who at the close of the fifteenth century ruled over a Sudanese empire of an area equal to that of Europe. But African polity appears never to have risen above the level of personal dominion. The indispensable basis of Greek, Roman and North European civilization consists of political ideas clothed with absolute value, capable of accumulation with time. The *nomoi* of Greece, the Roman *jus,* the Teutonic *right,* served to throw a veil over arbitrary personal power, and made it possible for more than one man in a state to stand upright. Whether the disposition to generate political absolutes is in the blood or in the environment is, to be sure, an open question. The negro, as the author points out, has suffered under the severest of geographical handicaps; a climate that requires most of the energies of man for sheer physical survival; a short coast line, rendering intercourse with other parts of the world extremely difficult, and absence of internal barriers behind which budding civilizations might be sheltered against barbarian incursions. Explain the lack of political instinct in the negro as you will. But until the lack is supplied, the growing self-consciousness of the colored races, the coming Pan-African movement predicted by Dr. DuBois, will be hardly sufficient to wrest the hegemony of the world from the white races.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.



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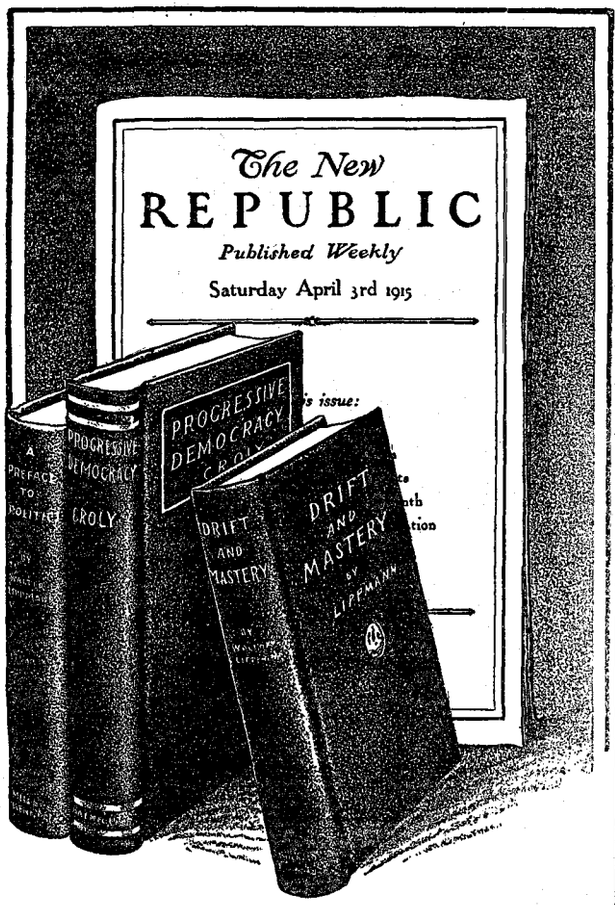

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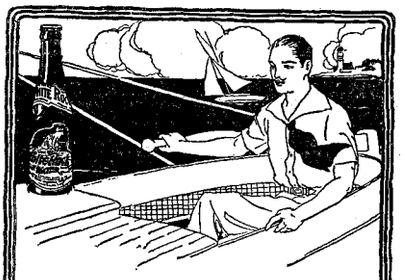

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